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THE

BODLEYS AFOOT

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE BODLEYS ON WHEELS," "THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES," "DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY," "STORIES FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

To

THE MEMORY OF

THE BEST OF PARENTS.

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THE BODLEYS AFOOT.

CHAPTER I.

HEN.

IT was late one Tuesday afternoon in July that the Bodley family drove up Warren Street in Roxbury, on their way home after a journey of a hundred miles or so which they had taken the week past. Martin, the hired man, was driving Time and Tide, the span that waited for no man, and the carryall was well filled with Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, and Lucy on the back seat, Mr. Bodley, Nathan, and Martin on the front seat, while Cousin Ned Adams was caracoling about, as he called it, on Mr. Bottom, the family horse.

"There don't seem to be many changes about here, father, since we left," said Nathan, looking about as if he expected to see blocks of houses lining the pleasant road.

"It seems as if we had been gone a year," said Phippy. "I tell you what, let 's play we are coming home from California. We 've been round the Horn, and are now beating up the coast. Pretty

soon we shall see Minot's Ledge Light-house. Nathan, you must call out, Land ho! when you see the gate. We 'll play the lamp over it is Minot's Ledge. Oh, how high the waves are dashing!" and Phippy bounced up and down on the seat. "There 's great A, little I!"

"To be sure," said Mrs. Bodley, "there is Mr. Lemick; we can't be far from home." For their next neighbor was a farmer, who had the funny name of Ai Lemick. At this moment, as they came near the avenue which led to the house, a dog trotted past the gate and stood in the road.

"Oh, there 's Nep," said Nathan. "Papa, do let me get out," and as the horses were checked, Nathan scrambled out of the carryall, and rushed after the dog. Nep set up a great barking and wagging of his tail. He had plainly come down the avenue into the road to watch for the family. Nathan did not get into the carryall again, but chased up the field by the side of the avenue. There was a row of cherry-trees in the field; the cherries had not been quite ripe when the children had set out on their journey; but a week had done wonders, and now the cherries gleamed red and dark among the leaves, waiting to be eaten. The carryall drove along the avenue, and presently the barn came in sight. A man stood in the open doorway, watching them.

"Why, there 's Hen!" exclaimed Martin.

"What! your brother Hen?" asked Mrs. Bodley, "who has been everywhere and seen everything?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Martin, proudly. "That 's him. I 'd know him a mile off."

"He is n't so very big," said Lucy, who had been eying him hard. "Phippy, do you see his ear-rings?" she whispered, for Martin had told them that Hen wore ear-rings. Hen was a sailor.

MISS DEMEANOR, THE AWFUL EXAMPLE.

"I think I do," she whispered back. "No, they 're curls. Lucy, he wears curls."

"At last we 've seen Hen," laughed Mr. Bodley, as the house shut the barn from sight, and they drove round the two locust-trees, drawing up before the door. The family, with its bags and parcels, walked up the steps, and were welcomed by Nurse Young, who stood in the doorway. Ned had ridden Mr. Bottom to the stable, and Nathan had gone in that direction with Nep. Phippy and Lucy chattered fast as they went up-stairs to their room.

"How cool it is," said Lucy, "and is n't it good to see Nurse Young again? Dear me, I don't think I like going away very much; I mean I like coming home best."

"Yes," said Phippy; "and won't our children be glad to see us? Lucy, we never once wrote to them while we were gone. I 'll tell you, — we meant to surprise them. I hope they are sitting up for us. Dear me, dear me, Miss Demeanor has n't got over the sulks yet. Lucy, don't you think she 's stayed here long enough? Let 's put her in a drawer," and with that Phippy pulled the pin out of a picture which had been hanging by her dolls' house, as a warning to her dolls should they ever lose their temper, and hastily put the picture into her dolls' bureau drawer. "It is really too bad that they should have had that awful example to look at, all the while we 've been gone." Yes, there were Phippy's dolls where she had left them, all sitting in a row on a little bench, looking very patient and very weary.

"They shall start on a journey to-morrow," said Phippy, with decision. But while they were discussing where the children should go, the bell rang for tea, and they went down-stairs again. Nathan was talking eagerly as they entered the room.

— "But he got away before Hen reached the ship," were the first words they heard.

"What got away, Nathan?" asked Lucy.

"It was a monkey, — a real live monkey, — and Hen said he would have given it to me if he had kept it."

"I have no doubt of it, Nathan," said his cousin. "If Hen had succeeded in getting that monkey here, he would have given it to the first boy he met."

"Did he have ear-rings?" asked Phippy.

"Monkeys don't wear ear-rings."

"I mean Hen."

"Oh, yes. Hen wears ear-rings, and he has curly hair, Phippy," said Ned; "and he 's got a chest out in Martin's tool room, — a regular sailor's chest."

"He 'll sleep in the hammock, I suppose," said Nathan. "I asked him, and he said he had slept in trees; he could bunk 'most anywhere."

"He might swing his hammock from the clothes-dryer," suggested Ned, "and then he could fancy he was at sea when the wind filled the sails."

"I hope he 'll stay all summer," said Phippy, "for I know he has ever so many things to show us." The children were so impatient that they could scarcely wait for tea to be over before they started off to get a good look at Hen. He was sitting in the doorway of the wood-shed drinking tea out of a bowl, which he held in both hands.

"That 's a good dish of tea," he said, as he set it down. His back was turned to the children, and they had not spoken. They looked at each other, and wondered whom he spoke to. Hen

wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and went on repeating, "A good dish of tea. Martin 's in luck. After all, a fellow might do worse."

"He 's soliloquizing," whispered Phippy, who had lately found that word and liked the looks of it.

"Hey!" said Hen, who turned round at this and caught sight of a boy and two girls behind him. "Oho! you 're Nathan and Phippy and Lucy, ain't you? I 've seen Nathan before." He got up at this and stepped down upon the garden walk, where he could get a good view of them. The children had an equally good opportunity to see Hen, who gave his trousers a little hitch and stood eying them. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with bushy hair, ending in little curls, and his round, good-humored face was bronzed with exposure.

"I 'm an old salt," said he, finally, with a twinkle in his eye.

"We saw an old salt in Gloucester," said Phippy. "His name was Captain Sanderson."

"What, not Cap'n Iry Sanderson? Want to know. I made a voyage with him once. I remember now, he was a Gloucester man. You just ask him if he wa'n't at Panamá in '50."

"Let 's write to him," said Phippy, eagerly.

"Come to think of it," said Hen, "Cap'n Iry wa'n't a Gloucester man. He was from the Cape, — from Hyannis Port."

"Oh, was he?" said Nathan. "That 's where we came from. At least, father did, and my Uncle Elisha lives there now. We went down there last year. I should n't wonder if we went again this year. We go 'most every year."

"Do ye now?" said Hen, looking up at the weather-cock on the barn. "Want to know. Never was in Panamá, were ye?"

"No," said Nathan, "not yet. But we 've been to Newburyport."

"I 've got a tortoise-shell basket out in my chest that I got in Panamá," continued Hen. "Want to see it?"

"Oh, yes," they all cried, and trooped after Hen as he walked off with a short, rolling gait toward the barn. Ned came out of the house just then, and joined the children. Hen turned his back to the rest when he opened his chest, and seemed to fumble round in it with his eyes shut, till at length he shut the lid, locked it, and started out to the door with something in his hand.

"It 's rather dark in there," said he. "We 'll come out by the barn-door. There, now, that 's the sort of thing they make in Panamá," and he took off some paper and cloth coverings, and displayed a pretty basket of tortoise-shell."

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Like it, do you? Well, you may have it."

"Oh, but Hen!"

"Take it," said Hen. "Come to think of it, I got it for you."

"What, really?"

"Well, about the same as really," said Hen, flinching a little as Lucy fixed her delighted eyes on him. "Now I just wish I had a dove-flower for you."

"There 's mama!" said Lucy, running to meet Mrs. Bodley. "Mama, see what Hen has given me, — a tortoise-shell basket."

"You see, ma'am," said Hen, ducking himself at Mrs. Bodley, "I just pick up things where I go, and drop 'em round afterward. This came from Panamá."

"I should like to go to Panamá," said Mrs. Bodley; "and I think the first thing I should ask to see would be El Espiritu Santo."

"You 're right there, ma'am," said Hen, giving himself a hearty slap. "I was just saying, I wish'd I 'd ha' brought one along with me."

EL ESPIRITO SANTO — DOVE-FLOWER.

"I think we could have made the bulbs grow. I have seen the flower in green-houses."

"What is it like?" asked Phippy.

"It is an orchid, Phippy, and the bulbs grow on the surface of the ground, — bright green in color and several inches in length. The leaves spring from the point of the bulb and are a few inches wide, but sometimes three or four feet in length. But the most beautiful part is the flower, which is of pearly waxen white, nearly circular. Within the flower nestles the perfect image of a little dove, — its very head and bill and wings appearing as in a real dove."

Panama Water-Carrier.

"Oh, how lovely it must be!" said Lucy.

"You would n't like to live there, though," said Hen, shaking his head. "Why, for seven months in the year — from May to January — it 's just one steady pour of rain."

"What, not just the whole time, every minute?" said Phippy.

"Well, you could n't count much between the drops; and then when January came, you 'd just put your umbrellas away till May

again. Then, if you want water, you have to get it of the carrier."

"When he brings the newspaper?" said Lucy.

Hen laughed. "No, the water-carrier on his little donkey."

"Were you ever in South America?" asked Ned.

"South America! Well, I should think so. There is n't much of South America I have n't seen."

"Have you been up the Amazon?

"Well, not exactly up the Amazon; but I've been up the Guayas."

"Why, where 's that?"

"Not know the Guayas!" said Hen, eying Ned with surprise. "You 've heard of Ecuador, have n't you?"

"Yes."

"And of Quito?"

"Yes."

"Well, Quito 's a sea-port, is n't it?" and Hen turned half round and winked a prodigious wink at Martin.

"Look here," said Ned, "this is n't a geography lesson. I 'll tell you all I know about Quito, and you can tell me the rest. Quito is the capital of Ecuador, and is five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Go on."

"Oh, we have n't got to Quito yet," said Hen, picking up a stick and beginning to whittle. "You have to go to Guayaquil first. You see, as you go up the coast from Panamá, there is n't a decent harbor till you get to the Guayas. It 's a queer river, something like a tadpole, — very big and broad at the mouth and wiggly at the tail. If you should try to go up the middle of the stream you could n't do it, not without a tug, not in a long while, for the

current there runs eight knots an hour or more; but along by the banks it is n't so bad. It 's about fifty miles up to Guayaquil. Say, did you ever eat a pine-apple, Nathan?"

"Of course I have."

"No, you have n't either, unless you 've been to South America. Don't I remember that first pine-apple I ate! I bought it of an Indian woman on a balsa."

"What 's a balsa?"

"Oh, you wait. I want to eat that pine-apple over again. Say, Mrs. Bodley, how do you cut your pine-apples for tea?"

Indian Fruit Seller.

"We don't cut them," said she, smiling, "but take a fork and pry out the pips."

"Well, now, I guess you 've been to South America. I did n't suppose you knew how to open a pine-apple; but I tell you what it is n't the same thing. Pries open pretty hard, sometimes, does n't it? Thought so. And rather stringy? Just so. Now that pine-apple I ate in Guayaquil was ripe, and it just fell to pieces when I pulled at it. I suppose there was a quart of syrup in it."

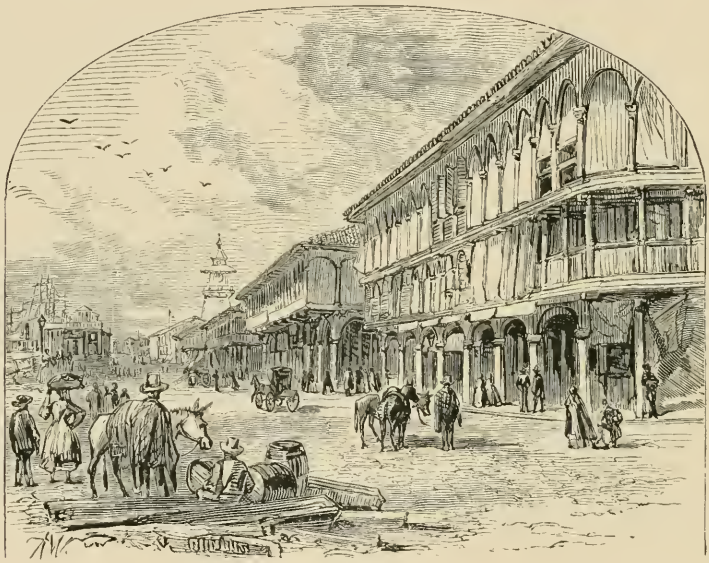
"Oh, Hen!"

"Fact, Martin. I did n't measure, for I had n't any quart measure with me, but I guess a quart 's about the measure of Hen Simpson, and he only ate one pine-apple that day. Huup!" and Hen

threw his head back and tried to imagine himself eating his pine-apple again.

"But what is a balsa, Hen?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

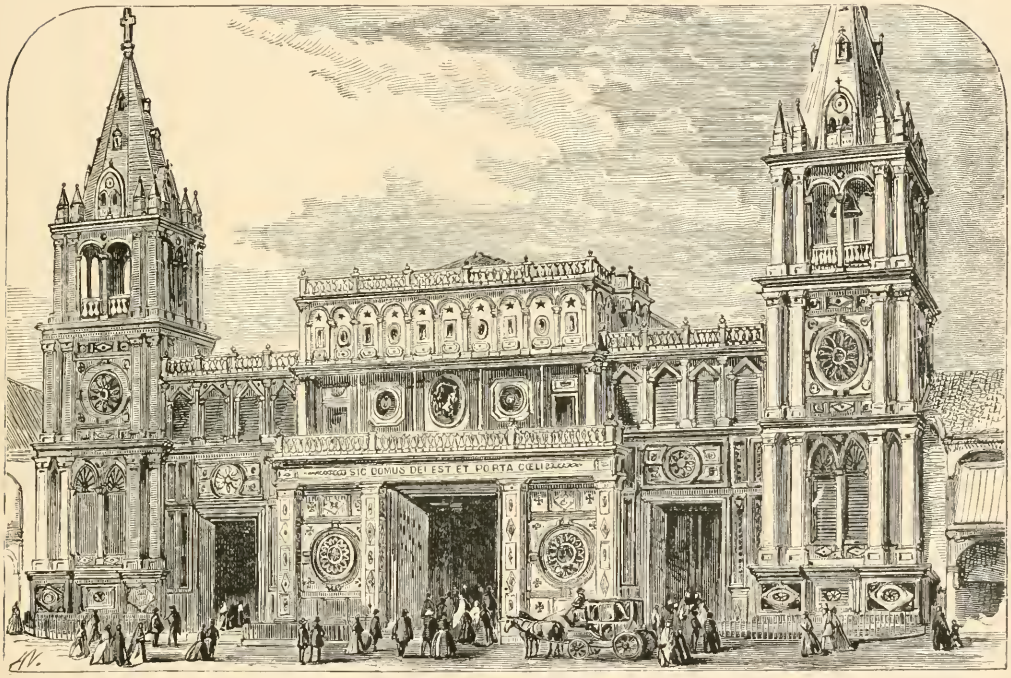
"They 're rafts, built of balsa wood, and you see them all along the shore of the river. People live on 'em often in little huts, it 's so convenient, you see. There 's the water all round 'em, and you



The Malecon, Guayaquil

don't have any pumping to do, and don't have to keep any bath-tub. You can't drink the water, because it 's got some salt in it; but some of the balsas are water balsas; they have big jars set in them for carrying water to the city. I d' know but I 'd 'bout as lieve stay on one of the balsas as live in the city. 'T is n't like one of our cities. It 's a dirty old town, at least a good deal of it is. The Malecon 's a pretty fine street, though; but it would look queer to

you. People live perpendicularly there. You go along the street, and they 're all shops on the first story. Suppose you want some washing done. You send it up-stairs to the second story, where the work-people live; and then, perhaps, you go up one story higher to



Cathedral at Guayaquil

call on some rich man who lives at the top; but they don't build much above two or three stories. The best time to see the town is the evening, when it 's all lighted up, and people are selling things in the streets as well as in the shops. Mr. Bodley could get a Panamá hat there, ma'am, for a hundred and fifty dollars."

"A hundred and fifty dollars!"

"Fact, ma'am. There are some cheaper ones, I believe. Why,

I've seen Panamá hats there so fine that you could fold one of 'em up like paper and put it in an envelope. The Indians make them. They're a queer set of little fellows, — short, stubby, but mighty tough. They think nothing of carrying letters or packages to Quito, two hundred miles or so away, and they go just about as quick as a man could go on horseback. They carry bundles on their backs, and hold them on by straps across their foreheads; and off they go on a dog-trot, which they keep up for miles. I don't see how they do it, and they don't eat much, either; just keep chewing on the leaf of the cacao plant, — that's what we get our chocolate from. They all wear tall white hats, like old beavers, with the nap brushed the wrong way. There are some handsome buildings in Guayaquil, and a big cathedral; but I tell you what's the finest thing I saw there."

"What was that?" asked Ned, as Hen stopped whittling, and laid his knife down.

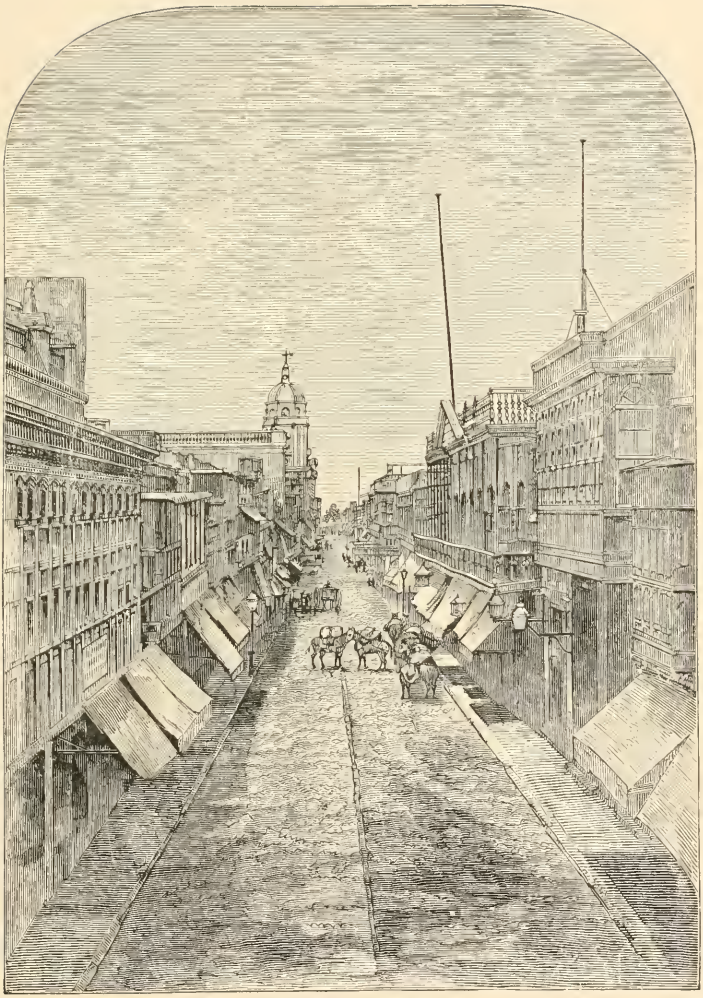
"Well, we were at anchor in the river, and I was doing nothing in particular, — just whittling or something, — facing about so," and Hen faced southeast, "when the clouds suddenly parted like a curtain, and there right before me, towering up twenty-one thousand feet and shining white with snow, was Chimborazo. I tell ye, I never saw that sight but once, and I never saw another like it."

"Did you go to Lima?" asked Mrs. Bodley. "I think I should like to see Peru."

"Yes, ma'am; I went to Lima."

"Did you see Pizarro's grave?"

"Well, not exactly his grave, but I saw the old fellow himself. He's tucked away on a shelf down in the vault of the cathedral."



A STREET IN LIMA.

"Another Whitefield!" groaned Ned. "Tell us about the living Pizarro, Aunt Sarah. I want to forget the sexton."

"Your Uncle Charles can tell you better than I: here he comes."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Bodley, who was strolling toward the group. "Is this the Hen I've heard so much about?"

"Yes, sir," said Hen, getting up on his short legs, and holding out his hand to Mr. Bodley. "I reckon I'm Hen."

"Martin tells a good many stories about you, Hen. You've been everywhere, have n't you? and seen everything? and never got lost?"

"Well, I came pretty near being lost once in St. Petersburg. Ever been there?"

"Yes, I was there once."

"Oh, you have, have you?" and Hen spoke a little more cautiously. "Let's see, what was the name of that hotel near the statue of Peter the Great?"

"I don't remember."

"Oh, don't you? Well, no matter. The name's not worth much, — ends in *ski*, probably; every other word in Russia ends in *ski*. Well, I got to St. Petersburg a little before dark, and I went to that hotel. After I'd had supper, I went out to take a look round the town. I'm not much on walking, but I must have gone some way, when I thought I'd ride. There was one of those queer droskys standing by, and I got in, and just waved my hand all round in a promiscuous kind of way, as much as to say, Go anywhere you want to, only show me the town. The driver he was a right smart sort of fellow, I guess, and knew what I wanted, and he drove and drove till it was nigh midnight. I saw considerable of the town in the dark, and every once in a while the driver he'd get down and

come and look at me; and I'd point down the next street, and he'd get up and go again. After a while, I thought it was about time to go to bed, but, d' ye see, I could n't for the life of me recollect the name of the hotel. Can't think of it now, you know. The driver he stopped, and came and looked at me again. I did n't know a great deal of Russian, and he did n't know any English. I pointed down a street, thinking it looked something like the street the hotel was on; but he shook his head. He jabbered away in high Russian, and I gave him a piece of my mind in straight Yankee, but it did n't do any good. All of a sudden I had an idea. I got out of his old drosky, and climbing up on the shafts sat on his horse and struck an attitude like the statue of Peter the Great. The fellow threw up his hands, and hustled me into his cab, and drove like mad. In about five minutes we were in front of my hotel. That's what I call the language of nature."

"A very useful language to learn," laughed Mr. Bodley, "but it does n't go very far."

"I've often wondered," said Mrs. Bodley, "how people made out as well as they did in talking with the Indians when they first landed in America."

"There were very few things that they wanted to ask or to say, and then some of the first comers here were men trained in the study of language, so that it was not all guess-work when they talked with the Indians."

"They used object lessons, too," said Ned. "Don't you remember how that Yankee sailor undertook to teach English and learn Chinese at the same time? He agreed with a Chinaman to exchange lessons with him, so he took his umbrella and shook it at the Chinaman and screamed, 'English, amberill; what's the Chinese for that?' "

"That was Jim Ludlow," said Hen, who was whittling again. "Jim was a smart fellow."

"What was the Chinaman's name, Hen?" asked Ned.

"Yung, I guess," said Hen. "They're most of 'em Yung. There was a baker's shop in Honolulu with the sign, —

"'Yung and Mung,
Bakers from Canton.
Good people all,
Come in and buy
Of Yung and Mung
Good cake and pie.'"

"But you have n't told us about Pizarro, father," said Nathan. "Mother said you would."

"Did she? Well, I always keep your mother's promises. Had she told you anything about him before I came?"

"Hen said he saw him in Lima."

"How old are you, Hen?"

"Oh, Nathan means I saw his mummy in the cathedral crypt."

"Well, if Hen had seen Pizarro alive, he would have been say three hundred and fifty years old. It was in 1530, on the 28th of December, that Pizarro set sail from Panamá to take possession of Peru, which the King of Spain had agreed to give him. In those days the kings in Europe acted on the principle of 'findings-havings,' and whoever found a new country which had not been explored before, took possession of it in the name of his king. Pizarro had already made a voyage to Peru, and then had gone home to tell the King of Spain about it; the King told Pizarro he should be governor if he would take possession and give a portion of the treasures he found to him. You see they did this without saying

anything first to the people who already lived in Peru. Pizarro sailed with three small ships, carrying one hundred and eighty-three men and thirty-seven horses, and landed his forces on the shore of the Bay of San Mateo. Here he seized upon a town, and took so much treasure that he resolved to send back his plunder and get more men and more horses. He waited seven months for his reënforcements, and it turned out that the delay was of advantage to him, for though many of his men sickened and died, a fierce civil war was going on in Peru, by which thousands upon thousands were falling in battle. It is said there were ten or eleven millions of people in Peru at that time, though it is hard to get at the truth, and you would think Pizarro very rash to go against them with so few men. But the secret of his strength lay in three things: he had guns, and the Peruvians had none; he had horses, and there was not a horse in all Peru; and his little army was made up of men who belonged to the most warlike nation then on the globe, while the Peruvians were a pastoral people chiefly, who lived with their flocks and herds and tilled the ground. The Spaniards had conquered Mexico and Central America before this, but though the countries were so near, scarcely any communication existed between them and Peru, so that the Peruvians knew very little about the strange bearded men who had landed on their coasts, and hardly knew whether they were friends or enemies. The chief ruler of the Peruvians was called the Inca, and at this time Atahuallpa was the Inca of Peru. He had just been victorious over some Peruvian enemies, and was in his camp, when messengers came from Pizarro. Pizarro had been two years in the country, — but on the sea-coast, where he had built a town as the first step toward occupying and governing the country. Now he was marching in the uplands with

his little army toward Atahuallpa's camp. Throughout the whole length of the land there had been built a wonderful road, sometimes fourteen thousand feet above the sea, and stretching so far that if it were in Europe it would reach across the whole country from Calais to Constantinople. The road was broad enough for three carriages to drive abreast, — though at this time there was not a wheeled vehicle in Peru, — and in some places the bed of concrete of which the road was constructed was eighty feet thick. Along this road Pizarro marched until he came to the town of Cassamarca, not far from Atahuallpa's camp; and here he took up his quarters. There was a stone fortress and a great square here, and he waited for Atahuallpa, who was coming toward him with five or six thousand men. The Inca was held in great honor by his subjects, who even regarded him, it is said, as descended from the gods. As the advance guard came up toward the great square where Pizarro and his soldiers stood, three hundred Indians brushed the path over which the Inca was to be borne. Then came three corps of dancers and singers; then a body of Peruvians in golden armor, wearing crowns of gold and silver, and in the midst of them the Inca himself was borne in a litter adorned with paroquets' plumes of all colors, and plated with silver and gold. The litter was borne on the shoulders of his chiefs, and behind came more troops, glittering with silver and gold. The procession halted in the middle of the square; and now Pizarro and the Inca were before each other. Vicente de Valverde, the priest of the expedition, came forward with a crucifix in one hand and prayer-book in the other, and made a little speech to the Inca, in which he told him that he must believe the Catholic faith and acknowledge the emperor, Charles the Fifth, as his sovereign, with Pizarro for the governor of the country.

"The Inca asked for the book which the priest held and declared to be the authority for what he had been saying about religion. It was clasped, and he could not at first open it. The priest offered to help him, but the Inca took this as an insult, struck him on the arm, then broke the book open, turned over a few leaves, and threw it from him upon the ground. At the same time he said something to his people. His action, which the Spaniards were watching intently, was interpreted as hostile, and Pizarro, who knew that the fate of his little army depended on the promptness with which he acted, gave a signal; the trumpet sounded, the cannon were fired, and the cavalry rushed out of their quarters, while Pizarro himself and four men sprang upon the Inca, who was still in his litter, borne aloft by his chiefs. The Spaniard uttered his war-cry, and his men fell upon the Inca's body-guard. These were unarmed, and the victory was an easy one; while the soldiers, driving the army of the Peruvians before them, committed a terrible slaughter. Not a Spaniard was injured, save Pizarro, who had a slight wound in his hand, while two thousand dead bodies of Indians lay in the great square."

"And what became of the Inca?"

"He was carefully kept, and the Spaniards were perplexed to know what to do with him; but finally they heard, or pretended they heard, that he had secretly sent word to an army to advance and rescue him, so they put him to death."

"And what became of Pizarro?"

"Pizarro himself was assassinated nine years afterward in Lima, which he had built. The Spaniards had quarreled, and though they had introduced many new laws and forms of government into the country, they did little to help the people themselves.

There was violence everywhere, and great waste of the treasures which had been heaped up. The splendid roads were not kept in repair, and the great buildings built by the Incas have fallen into ruins."

"Saw the spot in the palace where Pizarro fell," said Hen; "they can't get the stains out. But the Inca and all his people could n't have been much, to judge from the Indians I saw."

Lima Indian and Child.

"Three hundred years of poverty and superstition have not helped them any," said Mr. Bodley. "But come, Sarah; come, children, it is time you were all in the house. You have traveled all the way from Peabody to South America to-day, and these little pussies must take one more journey, and that 's to the Land of Nod."

"That is a magical journey," said Mrs. Bodley. "They will only have to shut their eyes and wish themselves there."

The moon was shining brightly as Lucy and Phippy went up to bed, and Nurse Young came in to help them.

"Don't let 's have a lamp," said Phippy. "We 'll go to bed by moonlight. What a big moon it is."

"It is n't afraid, like a little moon," said Nurse Young; and then she said the verses: —

"The little Moon
Came out too soon,
And in her fright
Looked thin and white.

"The stars then shone,
And every one
Twinkled and winked,
And laughed and blinked.

"The great Sun now
Rolled forth in might,
And drove them all
Quite out of sight."

"So, Lucy, while you are fast asleep, the great sun will be rolling and rolling up the sky until it is time for you to wake, and then he will roll above the edge and drive the little stars all away."

"And till he comes, perhaps, I shall get a ride in the moon, Nurse Young," said Lucy. "Mama taught me a poem when we were gone, — some verses about the moon. Just wait till I 'm in bed, and I will say them to you." Nurse Young looked on while Lucy undressed herself and watched the little girl lay her clothes one by one by themselves in an orderly way and hang her little stockings over the rung of her chair, and set the shoes, toes pointing outward, in front of the chair. Lucy had been taught to be very methodical, and she was, besides, orderly by nature. She kneeled down at Nurse Young's side and then clambered into bed. The old nurse took her seat right in the path of the moon, while the little girl sat up and repeated the poem her mother had taught her of—

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

What if I climbed the mountain tall,
  And could see the moon close by?
My papa says it is not so small
  As it looks, 'way off in the sky.

Maybe it comes so near, up there,
  That it touches the mountain side;
And what if it has a door somewhere?
  Then I 'd get in and ride.

Away I 'd go, 'way up in the sky,
  To the house of the angels, where
All the dear little babies that die
  With the white, white angels are.

And then I would coax our Baby May
  Into the moon with me,
And we 'd sail away, and sail away,
  As happy as we could be.

We would reach our hands out either side,
  And gather the stars close by;
And, after a while, the moon would slide
  To the other edge of the sky.

Soon as it reached the mountain there,
  We would both get out of the moon,
And call papa, who would know just where
  To come, and would find us soon.

And then he would see little Baby May,
  And would take her upon his arm,
And hold my hand, and we 'd walk away
  Down the hill to papa's farm.

Then mama would see us coming, I know,
  And run to the gate and say,
"Why, little Sissy! where did you go?"
  And then she would see little May, —

And then she would laugh, — Oh, it makes me cry,
  To think how glad she would be!
She would say, "Who has been 'way up in the sky
  To get my baby for me?"

"It was little Sissy," papa would say,
  "She went in the moon to-night,
And found little May, and coaxed her away
  From the angels all so white."

Then mama would kiss me, and call me good,
  And we 'd all go in at the door,
And have some supper; and May never would
  Go up in the sky any more.

"Why, Nurse Young, you 're crying!" exclaimed Phippy.

"Was I, dear child? I was thinking of my little sister." Poor Nurse Young! her little sister she had not seen for sixty years.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROSELAND AND SANTA FÉ RAILROAD.

HEN was a real addition to the little company at Roseland. He had suddenly dropped upon them with his chest; and how long he was to stay or where he was to go next were equally a mystery. The children suddenly took a great interest in their geography les-

sons. To study about Nicaragua, and then go out and talk with a man who had been there, was next to going there themselves. They dropped their old plays, and began to imagine themselves going to all sorts of remote places. Roseland received new names, and for a while Mrs. Bodley found it difficult to remember, when Nathan said he was going to Lima, whether it was the Hollow or Back of the Barn that he meant. One day a gentle rain was falling, and the children were all out in the barn. Hen was whittling as usual, and occasionally talking to himself, — a habit which he had, and which the children never had met outside of their story-books.

"Yes, I suppose I could," he began to say, as if no one were present, and he took a general survey of the barn-floor. "No grading required, no tunneling, rolling-stock some trouble, but guess we could get round it some way." He looked up at the sky. It promised to rain steadily for an indefinitely long time. "I say, Nathan, want to make a railroad?"

"Oh, do let 's!" cried Phippy, who was tired of playing in the carryall. "We can take the back seat out for a car," and she began pulling the cushion off.

"Oh, we 'll have a real railroad," said Hen, "rails and all. Martin, what 's all that moulding for I saw up in the shed?"

"It 's some the carpenters left when they were at work here last year."

"Well, we won't hurt it any. I guess Mrs. Bodley will let us play with it."

"I 'll ask her," said Phippy, who ran into the house, and soon came back with permission. The children stood by wondering, while Hen took the strips of moulding, which were of unequal

length looked at them critically, and then laid them aside while he got a broom and began to sweep a long path on the barn-floor.

"This here is the railroad embankment I'm making," said he. "I've got a gang of men at work. Here, Nathan, Phippy, Lucy, — just you take hold and make this embankment."

Real Tunneling.

"I tell you what," said Phippy, "let's have a tunnel. "We can make a tunnel out of hay."

"Well, now, I tell you," said Hen, "this road winds a little. It's got to go to Santa Fé, there by the cow-stall, and it'll have to go through the Rocky Mountains. I'll detach you three to make a tunnel here where I mark it off," and he chalked a line on the barn floor at either end of the proposed tunnel. "You won't have to do much blasting, and you won't get your hands pounded drilling a hole for the powder. I'm going to get some chairs."

"Take the kitchen chairs," cried Phippy, as Hen left the barn. Martin helped them occasionally with a great pair of shears which he used for cutting grass about the flower-beds. With it he

clipped the hay about the roof and sides of the tunnel as they extended the hole, so as to leave a pretty regular, smooth surface. It was slow work tunneling, and the children were glad to rest when Hen came back.

"But where are your chairs?" asked Phippy.

"Here they are," said Hen, showing some tin clamps which he held. "You see we 're going to lay our rails on sleepers, and we want the chairs to hold 'em in place. Now we 'll make the sleepers." So he got out some smooth strips of wood half an inch thick and an inch wide, which he found in Martin's work-room. The children stood looking on.

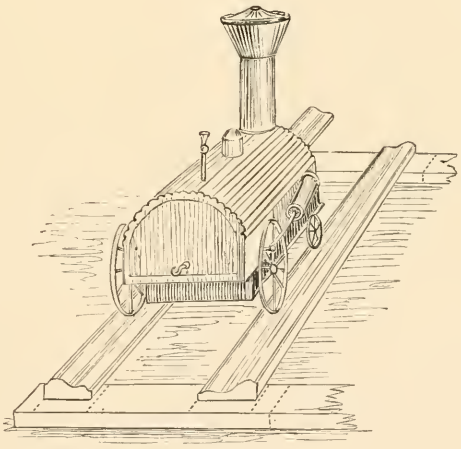
"Is it going to be broad-gauge or narrow-gauge?" asked Martin.

"Well, that depends on our rolling-stock. Have you got a box, Nathan, that we could rig up for a locomotive?"

"Why, I 've got a tin locomotive. I 'll go and get it this very minute," and he ran off eagerly.

"It can go," explained Lucy. "All you have to do is to wind it up."

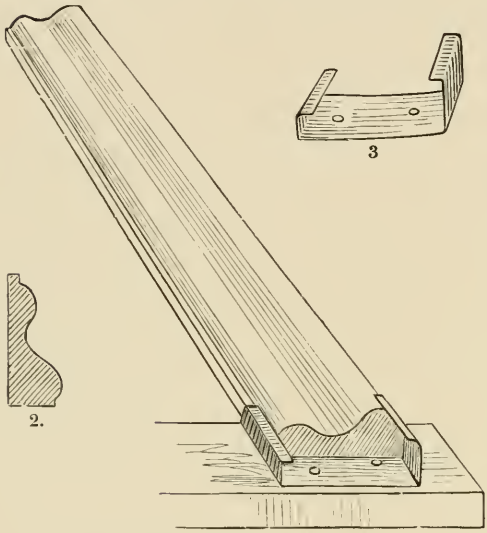
"The very thing we want," said Hen, as Nathan came back triumphantly with his locomotive. "This is the General Scott, and is going to run on the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad. Now we 'll make the railroad." Hen laid two strips of moulding down and placed the little locomotive on them. "There! now we 've got the width," and he measured carefully the necessary length of the sleepers.



General Scott.

"What makes you call them sleepers?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, that's because they lie on the bed of the railroad, I suppose. They always call them sleepers. You see we don't want to nail our rails upon the sleepers, because we may want to take the track up; but we'll fasten the chairs to sleepers and let the rails sit in the chairs, — so fashion." The children were so interested in watching Hen that at first they did not care to go back to the tunnel; but pretty soon they found he was only cutting out a great many sleepers for the railroad; so they dug at the tunnel with great zest until the dinner-bell called them into the house. They chattered busily about their railroad as they ate their dinner.



1. Rail in chair on sleeper.
2. Cross-section of rail.
3. Chair.

"Did Hen triangulate the barn-floor first?" asked Ned.

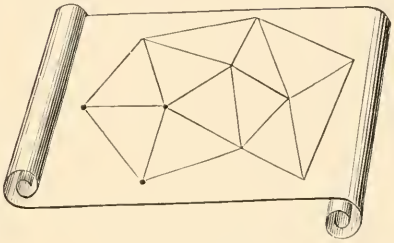
"Yes," said Nathan. "He did it with a broom."

"That's a queer kind of a level," laughed Ned. "What is triangulating, Nathan?"

"You will have to show Nathan, Ned," said his aunt. Ned took all the dinner knives he could find within reach before the dessert was brought on, and made a succession of triangles on the table-cloth.

"You see, children," he began, with a gesture, "I could divide

all this table into a lot of triangles, and then if I knew how large each triangle was I could add them all together, and tell you how large the table was; now it is easy to tell how large each triangle is if I know the length of one side, and can measure the angles which the side makes with the point at the end of the two lines. Here," and he jumped up and brought a picture which he remembered of two men firing at a target; "you see each of these



A Plan of Triangulation.

Triangle made by Two Men and a Target.

fellows are aiming at the target. If we drew a line between them and one from each to the target, we should have a triangle; and the lines to the target would follow the direction the guns take. If I knew how far it was from one man to the other, I could tell how far it was to the target by measuring the angles made by the direction of the guns and the line drawn between the two men. So

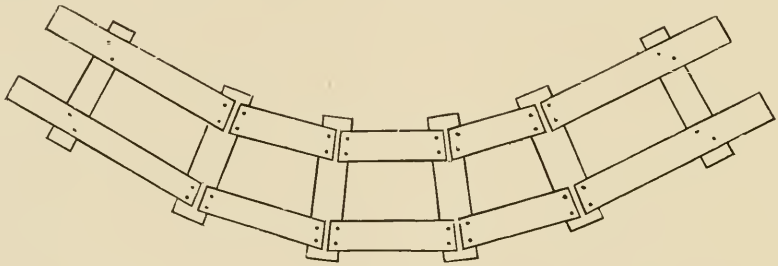
you see I should n't have to take a foot-rule or a yard-stick and measure all the way to the target. Then I could make a map of that triangle, and go to the target and take another observation, and so on. I hope my lecture is clear?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Bodley, smiling; "but it is not altogether easy to explain it to the children."

"Are you going to have a switch on your railroad?" asked Ned, who had no wish to try any more explanation.

"It will go without a switch," said Phippy. "You need n't make fun of our railroad."

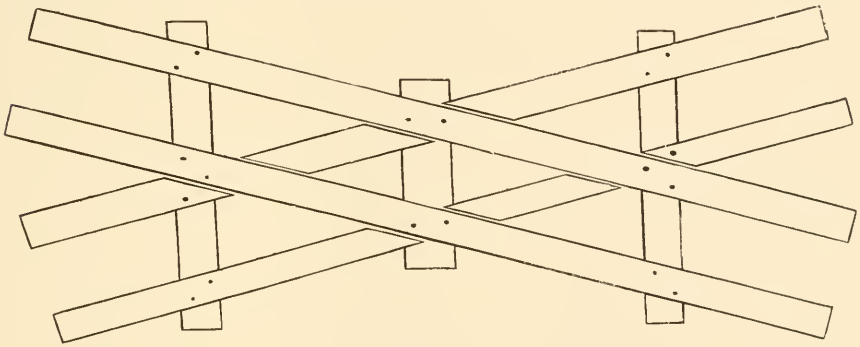
But they did have a switch. First, however, Hen made a curve.



The Curve.

He cut a number of short pieces of rail not square across, but slanting, so that the inner and outer sides were unequal in length. He cut some cross-ties, and nailed the pieces of rail with brads upon the cross-ties so that the curve could be taken up as one piece; and he took care to leave the two ends projecting far enough from the cross-ties to enable them to slip into chairs. Then he made a frog or crossing. He took four rails and laid them across each other in the form of a double X. Where the rails crossed each other he cut notches, — in the upper part of the lower rails, in the lower part of the upper rails, — so that when the rails were again laid across, the

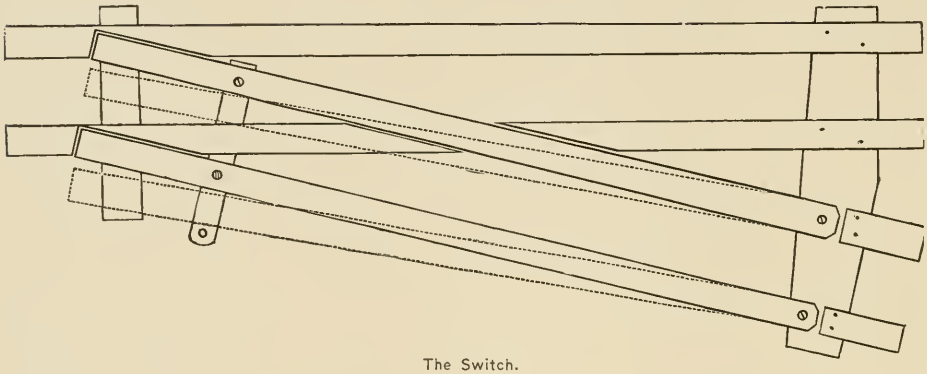
tops were perfectly level. In order to make this crossing firm, he cut two long cross-ties, one for each end, and a short tie for the middle, and nailed the rails down upon these; so now he could take up the frog too, and handle that as a single piece. Now he was ready to make a switch, but that was the most difficult and the longest work of all. Hen took a section of the regular track, and made the switch to play from that. First, he cut a cross-tie of double the length, so as to give room for another track to be laid on



The Frog, or Crossing.

it by the side of the regular track, and he made it also of double the width. The regular track was nailed firmly to this tie at one end, and to an ordinary cross-tie at the other; then he laid the other rails on slanting, so as to branch off from the regular track; and where they touched the long and broad cross-tie, he screwed them upon the tie, setting the screws so that the rails could move back and forth. This done, he cut notches in both pairs of rails, where they intersected, — as in the case of the frog, — but he made the notches broader, so as to allow the rails to play back and forth. The ends of the movable rails he fastened to a small tie which passed under the fixed rails, and he cut the ends where they met the

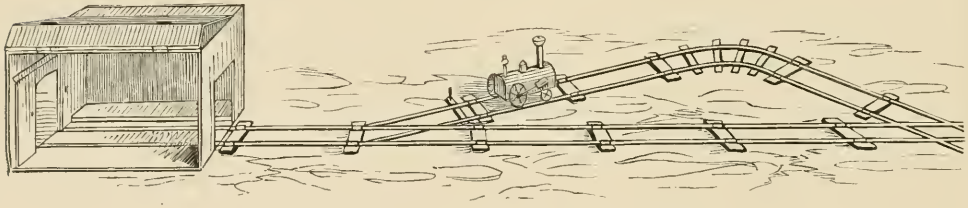
fixed rails, so that the wheels of the locomotive would pass freely



The Switch.

from one set of rails to the other. Then he set a peg in the end of the tie for a signal rod, with which to move the switch. Now they had a switch, and with this they could switch off a train from the regular track, so as to allow another train to pass, and could make it cross the track again on the frog.

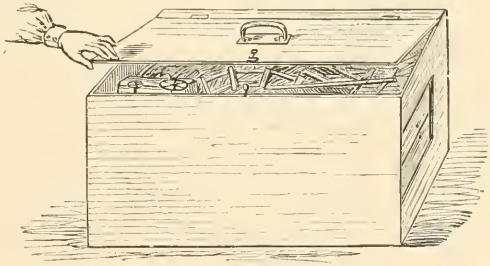
The track and curve and frog and switch now being made, and in sections so that they could all be taken to pieces, what they needed



The Dépôt of the Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad.

next was a dépôt, — and for this Hen took a case which had been used for packing, and the wood of which was just the thickness of the sleepers. It was about eighteen inches long and fifteen inches

in breadth and depth. It had a cover, loosely nailed on, and this he removed without injuring it, and set the box on one side. This side was to be the floor of the dépôt. In each end he cut a square door-way, and fitted sliding doors, kept in place by cleats above and below, which could be opened and shut. A pair of rails was nailed upon the floor of the dépôt, and as the floor was of the thickness of the sleepers, it was plain that the track just fitted, and a train could run right through the dépôt without jolting. There was a platform by the side of the rails in the dépôt for the passengers to get out upon. The cover of the box Hen cut lengthwise into two pieces, — one about two and a half inches wide. This he hinged to the top of the box, and then hinged the broad piece to it. By thus doing he could make a sort of slanting roof, and yet could shut up the whole dépôt at night. More than that, he found an old trunk-handle, which he fastened to the lid, and put a hasp on, and thus made of the dépôt a box in which could be packed the rails, switch, frog, and curve, and thus the entire Roseland and Santa Fé Railroad could at any time be packed up and carried from the barn to the house, — a great convenience, which few railroads enjoy.

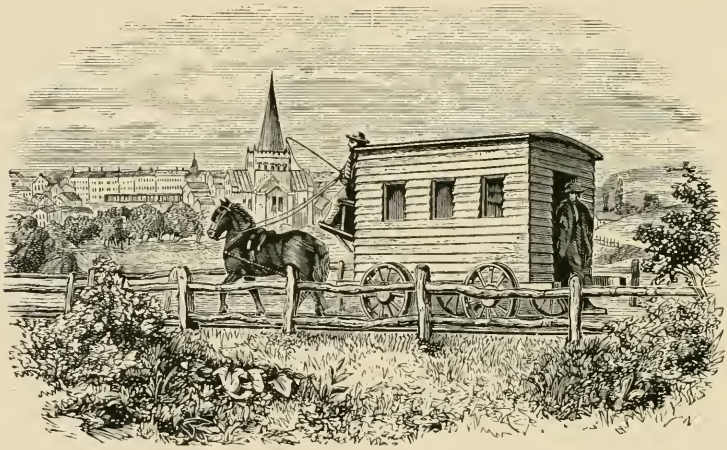


The Movable Railroad.

It must not be supposed that Hen, with Martin to help him, built the railroad all in one day. It was the work of several days, and indeed the tunnel was not finished first, for the children could only work upon it at such times as they were not superintending the construction of the railroad. Nathan had a train of tin cars which he

could attach to the locomotive, and he actually was able, after winding up the locomotive, to see it start from the station, travel across the plains of the barn floor, run into the Rocky Mountain tunnel of the hay-mow, where Lucy stood as switch tender, and come out at the other end at Santa Fé, a roughly built town near the cow-stall.

The children reported every day in the house how they were getting on; and when the railroad was complete, they led their father



First Railroad Car.

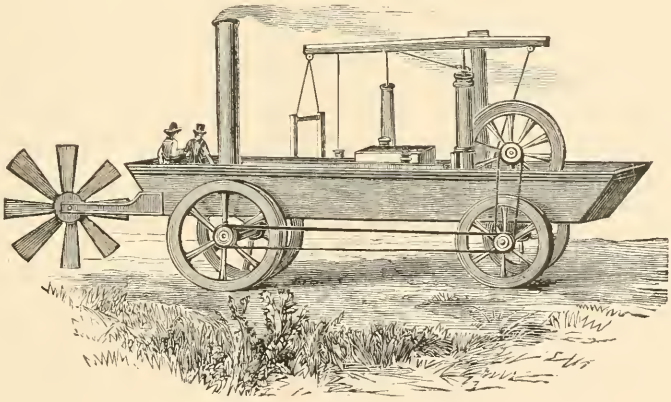
and mother out to see it. Ned had already helped in building it. The little locomotive was wound up, and made the through journey, while every one looked on and clapped.

"Well done!" said Mr. Bodley. "Why, Nathan, I remember, when I was your age going to Quincy and being shown the railroad used there for hauling granite. The railroad is there still, I believe. It was in 1827 when I was there, and it was thought very wonderful, but the cars were drawn by horses. They had not yet learned to use steam on railroads. They had got as far as rails,

and had found they made it lighter work for the horses; but when they began to make railroads, they tried all sorts of ways for making the wheels fit the tracks. They thought the wheels would slip round, so they made cog wheels; then they made the rails convex, like the iron rod that this barn door rolls over, and the wheels they made concave, to fit the tracks. It was in 1825 that the first train of passenger cars in England was drawn by a locomotive, and then they only went six miles an hour."

"I wonder they have n't tried to run steam locomotives on the roads, without rails," said Ned.

"They have tried, and still are trying to, but with no great success. The first road engine so tried was made by Oliver Evans, of



Oliver Evans's Road Engine.

Philadelphia, and a curious looking thing it was. Then they tried, too, to send cars over railroads by means of sails, but that did not succeed. Do you ever expect to see a real railroad running to Santa Fé, Hen?"

"Yes, sir, I do; and it won't require much grading, a good deal of the way, when it is built."

"Why, have you been there?"

"Been there! I went there with Kearny."

"Did you indeed make that march across the plains with Kearny?"

"Aye, sir, I was one of the army that took New Mexico," and Hen laughed. They waited, and he went on: "It makes me laugh to think how easily we took New Mexico. Why, Mr. Bodley, near as I can remember, we did n't fire a shot at anybody. Once or twice we thought we were coming upon some Mexicans, but they always got out of our way."

"It was in '46, was n't it?"

"It was the thirtieth of June, '46, that we left Fort Leavenworth. I remember the day well, because it was my birthday. We struck the prairie the second day, and I never want to see a prettier sight than we saw that day. The grass was as high as our horses' backs, and every time the wind blew across it, that grass would bend and catch the light, as if it was the sea itself; but it was a different thing when we got on the real prairies, a few days afterward. None of your high grass there, only short stubby grass, or wild sage, or some dry, bushy plant. Then we 'd come across buffalo wallows, where the buffaloes had been rolling over, like Nep here; they seemed to be very fond of it, and they 'd carry off lots of mud. I saw a good many buffaloes, and of all ridiculous looking animals, when they 're running! They 're all head and horns, sort o' tadpole animals, and they go loping along, like a ship in a heavy sea, first bows up, then stern. The Indians have a harder time shooting them with bows and arrows than we did with pistols, but I guess their horses are more used to it. We used to hunt 'em, but I think we 'd about as lieve not had any about us, they drew the wolves so.

Every night in camp we'd have those beasts sitting on their haunches all night, and howling in the most dismal manner. They're cowardly brutes; but let 'em find a carcase, and you'd think them mighty brave. The way they'd pitch into a dead buffalo or horse! Why, Captain Fisher had to leave a sick horse be-

Buffalo Hunting.

hind one morning, and he felt so badly about it, that an hour afterward he sent back me and another man to put him out of misery; and when we got there, all we found was a few bones and a pack of snarling wolves. We struck the Arkansas at Walnut Creek, and had plenty of water and grass and wood till we got to Bent's Fort, about six hundred miles from Leavenworth; and there we took

leave of good times, and began to get in among the mountains. There was hardly a speck of wood on those big mountains, and the ponds were all brackish. We got to Lower Moro about the middle of August, and began to see what sort of a people we'd been sent out to fight. The town did n't have anything but mud huts, and those were about half underground, and the Mexicans were all in

A Pack of Wolves breakfasting on a Buffalo.

rags and dirt. Upper Moro was a little bigger place. We got there the next day, and it makes me laugh now to think how we took possession of it. The General sent for the mayor, or alcaid, as they called him, and told him to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. Of course he took it; there was n't anything else to do. Then the General made a little speech through the inter-

preter, telling them that they must behave themselves, and he 'd take care of them. We went through that business at every little town we came to. It 's a wonder to me, and always was, why those Mexicans did n't stop us when we went through Pecos Pass. A mere handful of men could have held that place, but those Mexicans were poor sort of sticks, anyway, and we marched into Santa Fé without firing a shot. Almost everybody had run away, and those that stayed were badly frightened ; but General Kearny took possession, and made a long speech to them ; and as Santa Fé was the capital, why he felt as though he had taken New Mexico, and he let off his guns, and we all thought we 'd done a fine thing. Well, we 'd marched nigh a thousand miles, and that was something."

"I 'd like to have gone ! " exclaimed Nathan.

"Wait till you 've walked a hundred miles, Thanny," said his cousin Ned.

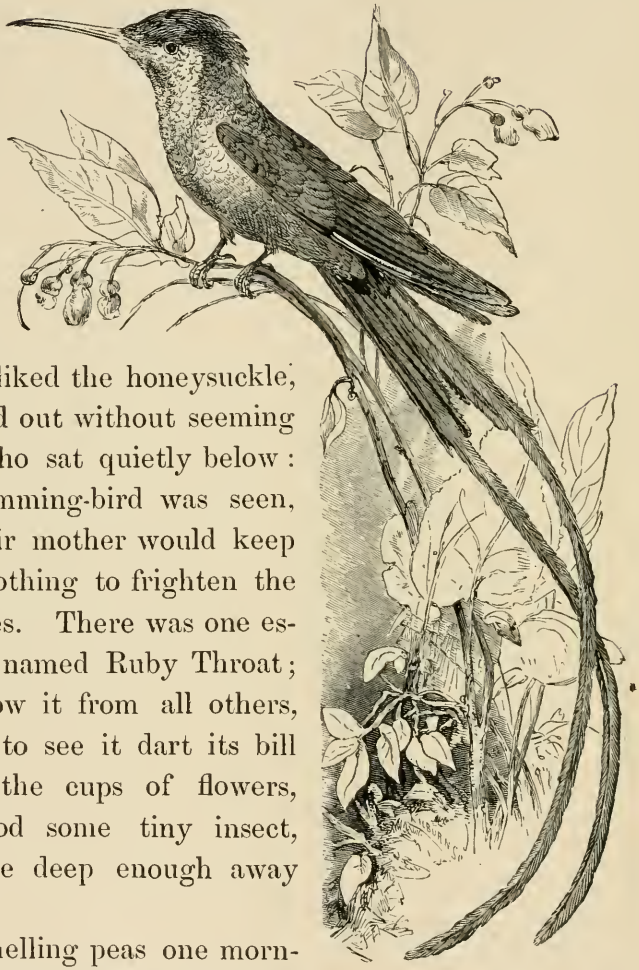
NOTE. For the practical directions for building a railroad, the author is indebted to a paper published several years ago in *The Riverside Magazine for Young People*, by Mr. Austin Abbott.

CHAPTER III.

PHIPPY'S MENAGERIE.

THE little library in the house at Roseland had a glass door which opened upon a grassy bank. Two or three steps conducted one out of the house upon the grass, and the steps themselves made a pleasant seat for the children. Mrs. Bodley often sat there with them, and sometimes even in the morning would bring her work there,

such as shelling peas, for instance, and sit on the steps while the children sat with her or played about. A trellis formed an arbor over the steps, and a profusion of honeysuckle grew over it, so that the open door-way was a great resort for humming-birds, who liked the honeysuckle, and would dart in and out without seeming to mind the people who sat quietly below: for, whenever a humming-bird was seen, the children and their mother would keep very quiet, and do nothing to frighten the flashing little beauties. There was one especially, which they named Ruby Throat; they learned to know it from all others, and watched for it, to see it dart its bill like lightning into the cups of flowers, bringing out for food some tiny insect, which could not hide deep enough away from Ruby Throat.



Ruby Throat.

Mrs. Bodley was shelling peas one morning in August, while Ruby Throat was darting about, and the two girls were helping Nathan put up his tent on the bank, near the library window. The peas fell with a pleasant thud upon the tin pan, and Lucy was drawn by the sound to her mother's side.

"I should like to help you, mama," she said. "Nathan is going to have a store in his tent, but they won't need me much till they get the things on the counter, and then they will want me to come and buy."

"I hope Nathan will not have the fortune I had in my store, when I was a little girl."

"Why, did you keep a store?"

"Very much such a one as Nathan means to keep, but unfortunately I had some real buyers. We lived in the city, and I thought it would be a fine thing to have a store in the window of the dining-room, so I used the window-seat for a counter, and spread my wares on it, besides putting some on the window sash for better display. I remember I had two or three cats made out of black cloth, with bead eyes and horse-hair whiskers. They hung in a row, and looked so like real cats that people stopped to look at them. Then I had some old slate pencils in a tumbler, and one seed-cake, which I had been keeping for several weeks. But my most precious possession was a pair of scales, — a pair of tin scales which had been given me, and stood on the counter. They made my store look like a real store. The window was not very high above the sidewalk, and it was quite easy for people passing by to look in. The window was closed, but I thought if anybody wanted to buy, it would be very easy for him to rap on the window and I would open it. Sure enough, a big boy came and stood in front of it, and then rapped on the window, and made signs for me to open it.

"'How much is them scales?' said he, pointing to the scales. You see he was not a boy who had been taught to speak correctly. I had not intended to sell the scales, they were for weighing the seed-cake; but I suddenly thought, 'Why not sell them? They're

worth all the rest of the things put together.' So I said, trying to look as much like a shopkeeper as possible, —

"'Well, you may have those scales for ten cents.'

"'All right,' said the big boy. 'Hand 'em over,' and he put his hand in his pocket. I was about to wrap them in some paper and tie a string about the bundle, for I had provided myself with some, but the big boy said, —

"'Never mind the paper, ma'am,' and I felt so grand at being called 'ma'am' that I handed my precious scales to the big boy immediately. He put a cent in my hand.

"'You can charge me the rest,' said he; 'I live just round the corner, and have n't got any more money with me.' He was just going away, when I said, 'Anything more to-day, sir? Would n't you like one of these cats? They 're only a cent apiece.'

"'Well, you may put me up one,' he said, but he was in a great hurry to be off. I gave him a cat, and shut the window triumphantly. There! I had sold the scales and a cat. Nobody could say that I did not know how to keep store. I put the cent in a little box which I had provided, and jingled it when my father came into the room.

"'I 've made eleven cents by my store this morning, father,' said I, proudly, and I showed him my cent. 'The other ten are charged.'

"'Whom are they charged to?' he asked.

"'To a big boy who lives round the corner.'

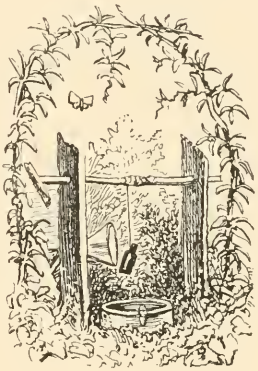
"'What is his name?' I stopped jingling my box. I never had seen the boy before, and Lucy, my dear, I never saw him again."

"Oh, mama! and you lost your beautiful tin scales? Now tell me about the well."

"Why, Lucy, you have heard that small story, till I should think you could repeat it yourself."

"Tell me about it, please."

"The well was made of a large oyster keg. I dug a hole in the ground and buried the keg, filling in all about it with earth, so that one could see nothing but the rim of the well. Then I took a shingle and split it in two, and bored a hole in each piece with an old bodkin, and it took me a very long time, I can assure you; but when it was done, and I had thrust a round stick through the holes, and buried the ends of the shingles on each side of the well, I was very proud indeed, for now I had a well and a windlass. I wound a string about the windlass, and hung a bottle on the string for a bucket. I took a hoop, too, and bent it over the well, and trained a cypress vine over it, so that my well was quite pretty and very useful, for I used to water my garden from it. To be sure, I had to bring all the water first from the house and fill the well, but it was very fine to lower the bucket and bring it up full of water; I think the bucket must have held at least three thimbles full." Just then Phippy and Nathan came running from the tent.


The Well.

"Lucy!" cried Phippy, "I have a splendid secret, but I'll tell mama too, because she knows how to keep a secret. We're not going to have a store in the tent, we're going to have a menagerie. A tent's the very place for a menagerie, and we're going to get cousin Ned to help us, and Nathan says the tent's his, but I may have the menagerie! Won't it be splendid?"

"But what sort of animals are you going to have?" asked Lucy, who was a little afraid of tigers and such things.

"Oh, we 'll have a programme, and everything will be down on that. Would you like to be a wild animal or a visitor, or will you be one of the managers? I think I will take the tickets at the door."

"I think I should like to be a visitor," said Lucy; "but if you want me to, I can show off some of the animals, if they 're not very wild."

"Well, you may. You may show off the sacred Hindû cow. I thought of that, and Nathan thought of the young Bengal tigers. We 'll have it just as soon as we can get our programmes printed."

All this sounded very mysterious, and Phippy's menagerie grew and grew until everybody about the place had something to do with it, and there was some doubt if they would find visitors enough; but by arranging the different parts of the exhibition, so as not to use up more than one or two children at a time, they managed pretty well. It was decided not to have all the show at once in the tent, and to have people walk round and look at the animals, but to show the different sights by turn, and to combine with the menagerie what Ned, who was the showman, called a Great Moral and Pictorial Exhibition. The children were busy printing programmes with pen and ink, but they found so many new animals before the exhibition day came that no two programmes were alike, and, after all, Ned had to be reminded of some of the sights which he came near leaving out. They had a great placard pinned upon the tent, with the words on it, —

PHIPPY'S MENAGERIE.

GREAT MORAL AND PICTORIAL EXHIBITION OF WILD, TAME, AND STUFFED ANIMALS.

Admission	Two Pins.
Family Tickets, admitting five	Ten Pins.

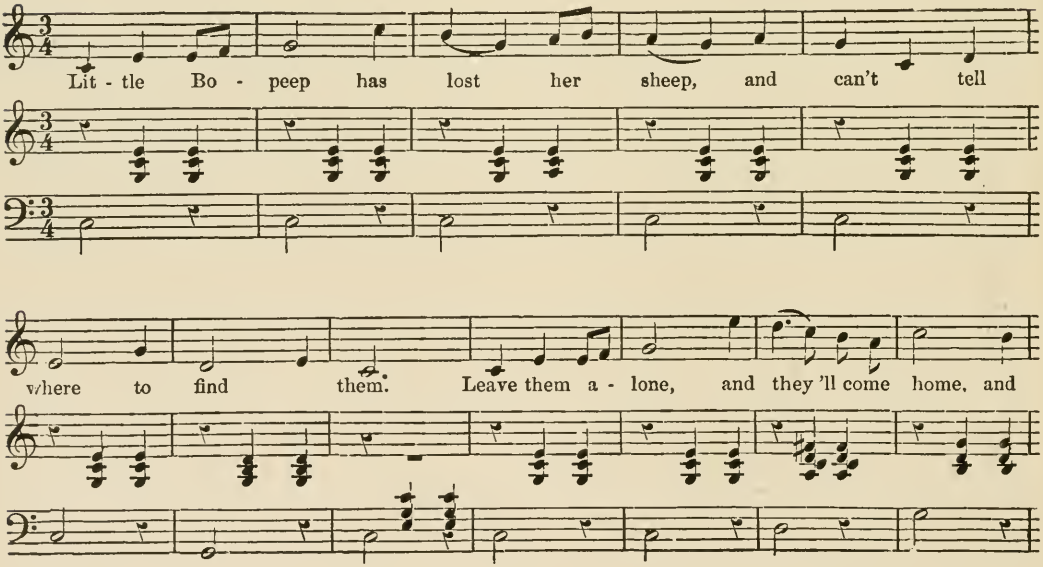
Nobody was allowed to go into the tent, — that is, nobody except Nathan and Phippy and Lucy and Cousin Ned and Hen and Martin, — yes, and Mrs. Bodley went in once, I believe, but nobody else. The exhibition was put off from day to day, and everybody's curiosity was excited to the highest pitch when the dinner-bell was rung for five minutes one August afternoon, and that was the sign that the great show was to begin. Every one who was not in the tent or behind it was in front; Mr. and Mrs. Bodley and the servants and Martin and one or two neighbors. Ned Adams was the showman, and he stood on a soap-box at the door of the tent.

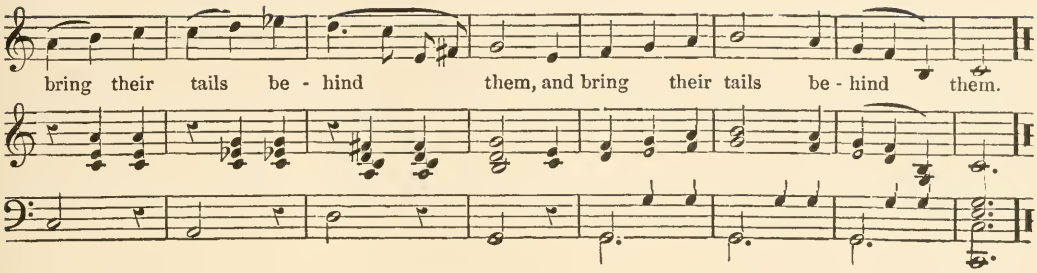
"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, when Phippy rushed out of the tent.

"Stop, all of you," she cried, throwing up her hands. "We've forgotten to take the tickets." The tickets had all been sold long ago, Mr. Bodley buying an entire Family Ticket for himself, but no one had remembered to take them. So Phippy ran about and collected the tickets, and then rushed into the tent again.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Ned once more, "the tickets having now been taken, the show will begin. Any one who is dissatisfied with the show when it is over can have his or her ticket refunded, or he or she can go away now; but we can't have any disturbance while the show is going on. The performances will begin with music, and the Invisible Band will sing the appropriate song of "Little Bo-Peep." So, inside the tent, three little voices struck up the song and sang it through.

Little Bo-peep.





The audience clapped the band, and Ned once more got up on the soap-box.

"We regret exceedingly," he said, "that Little Bo-peep having lost her sheep, it is impossible for us to exhibit them, but we have great pleasure in introducing, —

THE SACRED COW OF THE GANGES,

which has been obtained at the cost of great courage upon the part of an intrepid child." Hereupon, Lucy marched round from behind the tent, leading the family cow. Lucy was dressed with a turban and a long India shawl wound about her, and stood patting the cow, which looked on in a mild wonder.

"This cow," continued Ned, "was a great mystery, for no one could be found who had ever seen it; but one day a child, hearing it low, went into the barn where it was kept, and by simply holding out a wisp of hay, attracted the cow to herself. Ever since, the cow has followed the maiden wherever she went. That maiden is before you. She cannot speak a word of English, but the cow understands her perfectly. I beg to add that this maiden, when she discovered the cow, was dressed simply in the dress of an ordinary child. The infatuation of the cow for her had nothing to do with her gorgeous apparel. We had hoped to show you the Lamb that

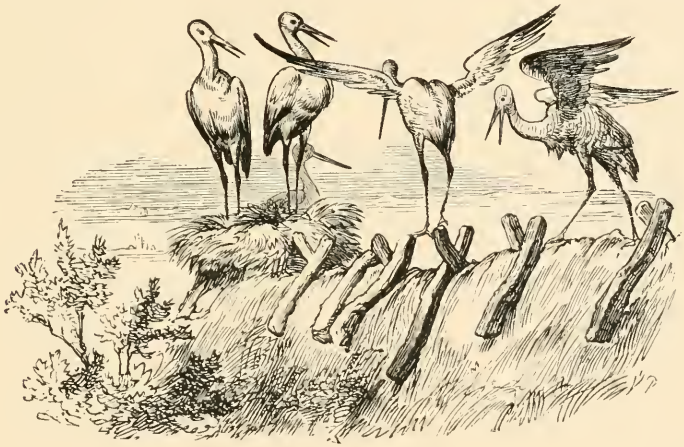
followed Mary, but we have been unable to find Mary. We are disappointed, also, at not being able to secure the Strasburg Stork, but we are happy to announce a lecture upon storks, including that Remarkable Instance of Motherly Instinct, which will now be given by Mrs. Charles Bodley." There had been loud whispers for

The Intrepid Child coaxing the Cow.

"mother," before Ned had concluded, and Mrs. Bodley had gone into the tent. Lucy led her cow into the audience, and sat herself on the grass, while the tent flap was flung aside, and Mrs. Bod-

ley was seen sitting in a camp chair at the entrance. She smiled as the audience clapped, and gave her little lecture as follows: —

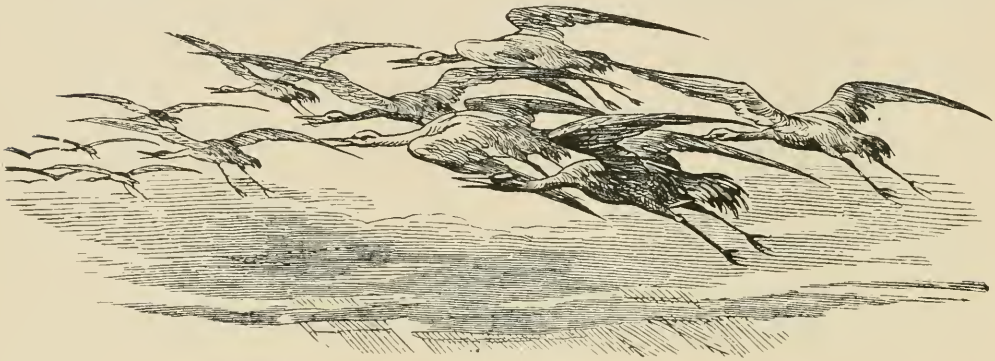
"If you should take a walk or drive through the streets of Strasburg, and should chance to look up to the curious roofs of the houses, with their four or five rows of odd, eye-shaped windows projecting from them, you would notice that many of the chimneys were covered on the top with a sort of bedding of straw, and per-



Storks on a Roof.

haps upon this you would see a great bird, with a long bill and short tail, mounted on two long, thin legs. He would be standing so very still that you would think it must be one of the curious ornaments that the people in Europe put upon their houses. But if you look long enough, you will see him stretch out a pair of enormous wings, throw back his head upon his body, and rise slowly and majestically into the air; he would not fly very far, however, before he would alight in the street where there has been a market, seize a fish that has been thrown into the gutter, and fly back with it to his nest.

This is the famous Stork, — a bird which is not found in America or in England, but is common on the Continent, especially in the large cities, being fond of the society of man. The Stork is a bird of most excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to his parents,



Storks in Flight.

and to his children. He never forgets a kindness, and is so useful that the people in Holland make false chimneys to their houses, so that the storks may find places enough for their nests ; and in German cities they put a kind of frame upon their chimneys, so that the storks may find it more convenient. Once, in Strasburg, a chimney took fire. Upon this chimney was a nest, in which were four young storks not yet able to fly. Think of the despair of the Stork mother, as the smoke enveloped her poor little ones, and the heat threatened to roast them alive ! They were too young for her to carry them away in her beak, — that would strangle them ; and to throw them out of their nests would only break their little necks. The mother instinct taught her what to do. She flew back and forth over the nest, flapping her great wings over it, and so making a current of air in which the young could breathe. But, alas ! a great quantity of soot all on fire began to fall, and now they

THE BABY TIGERS.

would certainly be burnt alive. No, — the good mother extended her great wings over the nest, and allowed the burning soot to fall upon herself. It had burnt one wing nearly away when the people below came with ladders, and saved the nest and the four little birds and the good mother. They took care of her, but she was always infirm; she could fly no more, and for many years she used to go about from house to house, and the people would feed her. The children would often stand on the porch and watch the poor old stork eat what was set before her."

The Strasburg Stork.

Mrs. Bodley's lecture was over, and she was allowed to take her place once more in the audience, while Ned consulted his programme to see what the next piece was to be.

"Royal Bengal Tigers," he read, and then announced: "The audience will keep perfectly still while three baby Bengal tigers are exhibited at the door of the tent. Their keeper will be by them,

and every precaution will be taken to prevent them from doing any harm." Thereupon Nathan appeared bearing an earthenware dish, and three small pussy cats crowded into it. "These tigers," continued the showman, "were found in the jungles of India by the celebrated Captain Henry, who has travelled all round the known globe. He was with Christopher Columbus when he discovered America, and is the only white man who has ever hung his hat on the North Pole. This celebrated traveller has been with difficulty persuaded to attach himself to the Great Moral and Pictorial Exhibition, but I am happy to state that he has consented to appear on this occasion only, when he will fan himself with a fan made of ostrich feathers from a bird shot by himself in the heart of Africa." Nathan and Phippy eagerly pulled aside the flaps of the tent, and there was discovered Hen, dressed in full Arab costume, sitting upon an ottoman, and calmly fanning himself with an ostrich fan. Everybody applauded, and Hen, quite unabashed, bowed gravely, and kept on fanning.

"May I be allowed to ask the celebrated Captain a question?" said Mr. Bodley to the showman.

"Certainly, sir, if you will address him in the Arabic tongue."

"I 've got some gum arabic in the house," said Nathan, as his father hesitated.

"That will do, Nathan. It will make him stick to his subject. But you need n't get it. I am sure so great a traveller has learned by this time to speak our language. I want to ask you, Captain, if you ever rode an ostrich?" Hen stopped fanning, looked at Mr. Bodley a moment, and then said, —

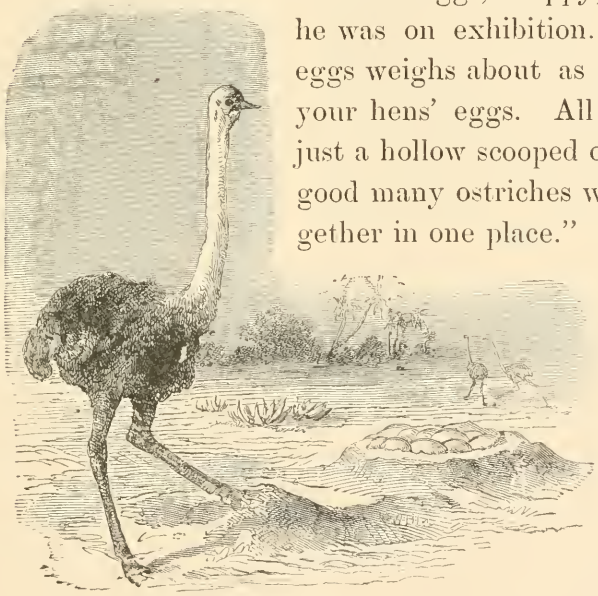
"This here is an exhibition?"

"It 's a great moral exhibition," said Ned, shaking his head at Hen.

"Then I did. I rode the bird that I am now swinging before me," and he went on with his fanning. Presently he resumed. "We went at about the rate of a mile a minute. I had to hold on to the bird's neck to keep from falling off, but he did n't run very far."

"Did you see his eggs?" asked Phippy.

"Yes, I saw his and hers. Ostriches take care of their eggs together. The mother lays them, but the father helps sit on them at night. In the daytime the sun keeps them warm. You should see their eggs, Phippy," said Hen, forgetting he was on exhibition. "Why, one of their eggs weighs about as much as two dozen of your hens' eggs. All the nest they have is just a hollow scooped out in the sand; and a good many ostriches will club their eggs together in one place."



Ostriches and Eggs

"Did you raise your ostrich out of an egg?" asked Lucy.

"Did n't the showman say I shot this ostrich?"

"But that 's mama's fan. It belonged to grandmama."

"Oh, it did, did it?" and Hen looked hard at the fan. "Come to remember, it was n't this fan. The last ostrich hunt I was on I came near getting the worst of it. I was off with Tippoo, — Tippoo was another Arab," — and Hen half shut his eyes and looked

at Ned; "we were on horseback, and we came upon a family of ostriches, — a male and two females and several young ones. We wounded one of the females, when one of the males turned about as fierce as a fighting-cock, and kicked Tippoo's horse so hard that the horse threw Tippoo. At that what does the ostrich do but rush

Hen and Tippoo Hunting Ostriches.

at Tippoo and kick him. An ostrich does n't kick backwards, like a horse, but forwards, and it's no joke to be kicked by one. Tippoo was knocked dumb, and if I had n't rushed up, I don't know what would have happened."

"Did you kill the rest?"

"No, we did n't stop that day to kill any more."

"We have one more interesting curiosity to show you," said the

showman, "and if you will be patient a few minutes, you shall see a famous person whom you have often read about. In order to make the time pass till then I will recite the appropriate and zoölogical rhyme of —

THE DUCK AND THE KANGAROO.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
"Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water, too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

"Please give me a ride on your back!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
"I would sit quite still and say nothing but 'quack,'
The whole of the long day through!
And we 'd go to the Dee and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land and over the sea;
Please take me a ride! Oh, do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires a little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection, —
Which is, if you 'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the rheu-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

Said the Duck, "As I sat on the rocks,
I have thought of all that completely,

And I bought four pairs of worsted socks,
Which fit my web-feet neatly.
And to keep out the cold I 've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I 'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of a Kangaroo!"

Said the Kangaroo, "I 'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady,
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three times round;

"So away they went with a hop and a bound."

And who so happy, — Oh, who?
As the Duck and the Kangaroo.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

They all laughed heartily over Ned's song, and so interested had the people in the tent become in it, that Ned suddenly turned and discovered them at the opening.

"Why, there she is now," he exclaimed; "Little Red Riding Hood, before she was eaten up by her grandmother. Ladies and gentlemen, the exhibition will close with this scene. We have no wish to exhibit the grandmother, nor to show Little Red Riding Hood after that painful incident. You behold the unsuspecting maiden just about entering the cottage. You must imagine the doorway and the door-step, but we thought it would be more agreeable to you if we showed you the maiden, and let you imagine the rest, than if we showed you simply the door-step and doorway, and let you imagine the maiden. Ladies and gentlemen, the show is over." Ned got down from his soap-box, the flaps of the tent fell, and the little audience moved away.

CHAPTER IV.

JOG ON, JOG ON.

At the time when this story was going on, Ned Adams was a Sophomore at college, but his vacations were spent at his Uncle Bodley's. When the summer was over this year, a few weeks after Phippy's Menagerie had been exhibited, he went back to college, and now he was in the Junior class. Whether it was that he was growing too fast, for he seemed an inch or two taller every vacation, or that he was using his eyes too much at night, it suddenly fell out, in the spring following, that he had to give up study except

as he was read to by a friend, and he spent a great deal of time exploring the mountains, that shut in the little village where his college was. His long legs seemed made for climbing, and his short letters to Roseland, telling of his mountain jaunts, filled Nathan Bodley's mind with a strong desire to emulate his cousin. There were no mountains near Roseland, and he begged his father to let him join his cousin at college, and climb the mountains with him. Indeed, Ned himself had written, asking to have Nathan come.

"I could sleep on his lounge, you know, papa," Nathan explained, "and board at the Starvation Club." Nathan himself was shooting up rapidly. He was tall for his years, and his parents were not sorry that his school vacation was soon to come. "Ned could hear me say my Latin, too," he urged. "He 's in college, and there must be quantities of Latin about there which I could pick up easily. I shall be ready for college in two years, and I think it would be a good plan for me to go a little before and see what it 's like." Nathan stopped, and tried to think of some more reasons. "It would be good for the girls to learn to do without me," he continued.

"You horrid boy," said Phippy. "You know I 'm almost as good as a boy to play with. I 've heard you say so, and Ned has men to play with at college. Why, Nathan, have n't you heard him talking about the men in his class? Only think of it, there are men in Cousin Ned's class at college."

"Here 's one of them now," said a voice; and the children, turning about, saw their cousin standing before them with a knapsack on his back. They rushed at him tumultuously.

"What brings you home at this time, Ned?" asked his uncle, "and in this rig."

"Why, you see, I got off from some examinations; Prex said I might make them up next year, and he advised me to come home, where I should n't be tempted to look into a book. It 's only four weeks to the end of the term, so I walked home."

"Walked home?"

"Yes. Brightly, who's a Senior, was coming home; it was senior vacation, you know, and he proposed to me to walk. We walked to Charlemont the first day, over the mountain, then, to Athol; the next day to Shirley, where we stayed with the Shakers; and I just left Brightly in Cambridge." Nathan looked at his cousin's legs in admiration.

"Oh, I'd just like to do that!" he said, drawing a long breath.

"Now, Uncle Charles, why can't Nathan go off with me? I'd take good care of him, and I'm good for nothing but to walk. We could have a jolly time."

"Where would you walk to?"

"Oh, we'd walk to New York. I planned it all out as I came along."

"It's a good month for walking," said Mr. Bodley, thinking it over. "June is a good month, though October would be better."

"But the term begins again in September," said Ned.

"Well, we'll think about it. You don't want to start to-night." Mr. Bodley had, in fact, already thought of some such plan, and had talked it over with his wife, but had said nothing to Nathan about it. He had a good deal of confidence in Ned Adams, and though a long tramp would be pretty hard for Nathan, especially at first, they would never at any time be very far from the railway, and if necessary could get on the train and ride. Nathan was beginning to be a little pale, and his father thought a fortnight or so

of out-of-door tramping would bring back the color to his cheeks. So he was not very long in making up his mind, and he told Nathan that he and Ned might make their plans for a walk from Boston to New York.

"There are quicker ways of getting there," said he, "but there is no pleasanter way, unless indeed you were to go on horseback. You can play that there are no railways or steamboats, and you are going over the old stage route. There used to be more than one stage route to New York, but I believe they all went through Hartford, and there you can visit your Aunt Martha."

"I should like to go again to Aunt Martha's," said Nathan. "I remember I went once when I was a little boy, and Cousin Ned was there, and he made me a cart, with wheels cut off from round birch logs."

"Why, it was only three or four years ago, Nathan," said Phippy, — "when you were a little boy, indeed!" but Nathan pretended not to hear her. Great preparations were made for this excursion, which Ned superintended with evident zest.

"He must have a blue shirt, Aunt Sarah, and a black, flowing neck-tie, to give him style, and he can wear his soft crush hat. I 'll get him a knapsack like mine." Ned made very careful inquiry into Nathan's shoes. "You want a shoe for walking," he said, "with a good square sole that you can spread your foot flat on; and you don't want a double sole, but a good thick single sole, that will be elastic, and yet won't let the wet through easily. I think the Oxford tie is the best for walking; and I would n't wear woolen socks, they 're too warm, but good stout cotton ones, or silk and woolen mixed, that will be soft and stout at the same time." The knapsack which Ned procured for Nathan was like his own. It was

a pack-saddle, as he called it: a light wooden frame, padded where it was set upon the back, and with padded bent wood hooks, to hang it over the shoulders. It required no straps to keep it in place, but simply hung by its own weight; and Ned took care, when he had it fitted to Nathan's shoulders, to hang upon it the weight which he would carry, so that when fully packed the saddle would hang with the least possible drag to it. The clothes to be carried were placed in a waterproof bag, and this bag was strapped tightly to the outside of the saddle. In this way there was no binding of the arms or waist, but the weighted saddle was easily hung upon the shoulders, and easily slipped off at any time.

"That's a handy contrivance," said Hen, who turned it over and over. "Now the Indians pass a strap across their foreheads, and carry the weight on their backs."

"I remember my first fishing excursion," said Mr. Bodley, "when I put the pork and bread in a grain bag, and fastened it with ropes to my shoulders and across my breast. How those ropes did cut me! What are you going to take in your knapsack, Nathan?"

"Oh, only another flannel shirt for a change, and two or three pairs of socks, and a toothbrush and one or two handkerchiefs, and a night gown, and a pair of slippers. Mother's going to send a bag of clothes to Aunt Martha's, so that we can dress like young Christians, she says, when we get there."

"Nathan does n't need a brush or comb," explained Ned, trying to pull Nathan's hair, which, like his own, had been cropped close, fighting cut.

"What shall you do if you get wet through? You can change your shirt, but not your trousers."

"We can go to bed," said Ned. "I've often done that, and sent

my clothes down to the kitchen fire to be dried. I 've got a housewife in my knapsack, — so that I can mend rips and tears."

"Won't you wish you had me, though!" said Phippy.

"Pooh! Cousin Ned can sew first-rate," said Nathan.

"Oh, yes," said Ned; "I can sew over and over. I sewed my trousers so once when they got torn, and I sewed them so tight that I could n't get into them. But I can't hemstich, Phip. I suppose you can."

"Oh, much you know," said Phippy. "I should like to be by when you thread your needle, and make a knot. Tell me, Cousin Ned, don't you take hold of the thread with both hands, and tie a knot as if there was a bundle to tie up? I don't believe you can roll the knot between your thumb and forefinger."

"You 're right there, Phippy. I never could do more than make a bunch that way."

"Now, Ned," said his uncle, the morning they were to start, "you 're an old walker, and won't mind the tramp. I know you mean to take good care of Nathan, but you must remember that he is only a boy, who has had no experience like this. You 're not walking for a wager. Stop whenever you think he has gone far enough. Try to arrange your walk so as to spend the night comfortably. Go to a good tavern when you can, but you will sometimes find the farmers' houses more comfortable. Take your meals regularly, and stop at anything interesting on the way. I don't need to give you cautions about walking directly after eating, about drinking when heated, and all that, for if I did n't think you knew about those matters, I should n't trust Nathan with you. Make your tramp a pleasure, not a task, and don't be too proud to get into a railway-train or a wagon when you are tired and still wish to travel further."

They decided not to start until after an early dinner, as they meant to take a short walk only the first day. It was a lovely June day, the wind was blowing freshly, and if they could have such days all the while they were gone they certainly could not ask for better. Nathan had dressed himself in his walking costume, and was sauntering about all the morning, taking care of himself lest he should get too tired before he started. His mother laughed at him.

"You will get more tired doing nothing, Thanny, than if you were about some ordinary task. Here, we 'll celebrate your departure by some ice-cream." So she got out the freezer, and Nathan made his hands black with the lead as he turned the handle for what seemed to him half an hour. But the morning finally dragged itself away, dinner was over, and the boys were getting ready to start, when an ominous thunder-cloud in the west dismayed them.

"I don't much mind being caught in a rain," said Ned, "but I hate to start in a storm." The cloud grew thicker and blacker.

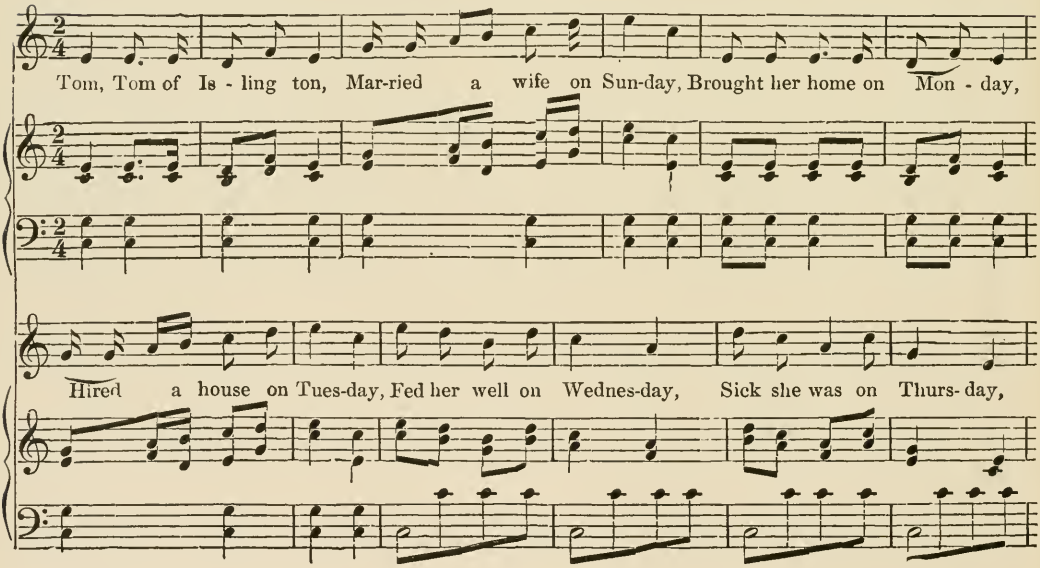
"You will have to wait till the storm is over," said Mr. Bodley; "but I don't believe it will last long. You 'll have plenty of time to get to Dedham if you don't start for an hour yet."

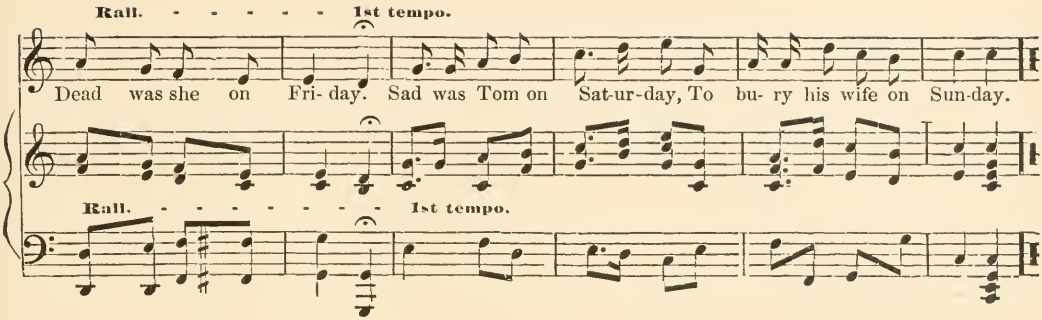
"Shall you keep a diary, Nathan?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, yes, I 've got a little book, and mean to set down just what we do each day."

"It will be about as brief as Tom of Islington, I guess," said his mother, and she sang the week-long history of —

Tom, Tom of Islington.





The children joined in the song, but Nathan looked a little injured.

"Now, mother," said he, "you know I mean to write good long letters home."

"Did you ever hear of my letter to your mother, Nathan, which I wrote from Aunt Martha's?" asked Ned. "I was told to write her a letter once when I was there. I must have been about seven years old. An enormous sheet of foolscap was given me, and I said all I could think of in about ten lines; then, to fill out the sheet, I went to the book-case, and found a book with a good long table of contents, — it was the Writings of Hannah More; I remember just how it looked, — and I copied that table of contents, and made a respectably long letter to Aunt Sarah."

"I remember that letter," laughed his aunt, "and I often wondered if you discovered that ingenious way of filling a letter all by yourself. But, see, the rain is stopping." They were all in the front hall by the open door, watching the storm. "Nathan, if your heart fails you, you can unpack your knapsack, and I will put away your things." But Nathan was busy tightening the straps which held his bundle in place upon the pack-saddle. The rain now ceased, the sun came out brightly, and the two boys stood on their feet to start.

"We 'll go exactly at four o'clock," said Ned, holding his watch in his hand. "It wants five minutes of the hour, and in that time you must all bid us good-by."

"I 'm going to throw a slipper after you for luck," said Phippy; and she began hopping about on one foot, holding the slipper of the other in her hand. The clock struck four.

"Good-by," they cried, and started down the steps, while Phippy's slipper came flying after them. Nep was the last to bid them good-by, for he bounded down the avenue, and followed them to the gate. They turned and waved their hats, then passed up the road, and were hidden from the sight of the group in the door-way.

"I hope Nathan won't repent," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Not he," said Mr. Bodley. "He 's not the boy for that, but he will limp a little before he gets home."

"Come, Lucy," said Phippy, "let 's go out and see Hen."

"No. I 'm going up to tell Nurse Young about it," said Lucy; for Nurse Young was herself now ill in bed, and Lucy spent a good deal of her time running up-stairs to tell her old nurse what was going on below.

And now we will follow the fortunes of Nathan Bodley and Ned Adams on their walk from Boston to New York. They were, to be sure, already three miles on their way when they started, for the mile-stone near the gate said, "Boston, 3 m."

"We 'll go by Dale Street to the turnpike," said Ned, as they walked off, "and by Washington Street straight out to Dedham."

"Why, I thought Washington Street stopped at Dudley Street."

"No, it keeps right on by the Dedham turnpike to Providence, forty-four miles. I suppose it is one of the longest streets in the world, but we shall only go seven miles of it."

LUCY AND NURSE YOUNG.

"It 's three miles to Boston."

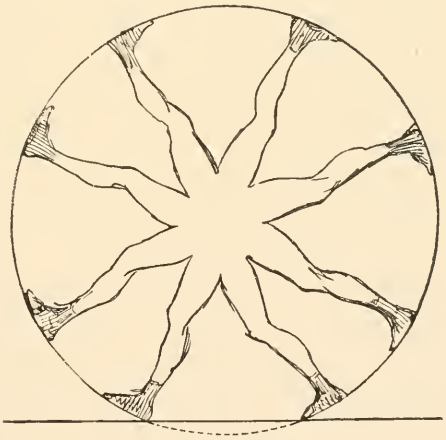
"Yes; and if you were to walk to Boston and back, and then a mile more, you would be walking as far as to Dedham."

"That seems a good way," said Nathan, seriously, raising his knapsack a little higher on his shoulders.

"Well, you would n't think it far to drive; now we are really just the same as rolling over the road. Your legs and mine, Nathan, are just the same as spokes to a wheel. Did you ever turn a cartwheel?"

"No, but John Tobey can."

"Well, if you had half a dozen more legs sticking out from your body, you could turn a cart-wheel very easily. You see, every time you lift one foot and put it forward, you make part of a revolution, and it is only by planting the other firmly that you keep from pitching head-first. Now, just watch me as I walk. See! I have not yet taken my right foot from the ground, but the sole of that foot is almost perpendicular. The muscles in the calf of the leg have rolled it off from the ground as if it were part of the tire of a wheel. The leg you see is a spoke, and the foot at the end of the leg is a section of the tire. The heel rises first, and the body is thrown forward. I should be pitched forward upon my head, if my left leg did not keep my body in position. But that left leg would keep me rooted to the ground, if I did not have a joint in my right, by which



A Human Wheel.

I bent my knee and lifted my right leg where I could swing it; you see, if the legs were only stiff spokes, we could only get forward by turning cart-wheels like John Tobey, or else by dragging our feet along, as a sledge is drawn which has no wheels. When I throw my leg forward, by this ingenious contrivance at the knee, I make the spoke take the place of the next one which I have n't got. If I had eight spokes, why then, when I lifted my right leg from the heel to the toe, and threw my body forward, the next spoke in the eight would be perpendicular, and so I should go forward; but I have n't got eight spokes, and I want to keep upright, hence my singular and interesting contrivance of two legs with joints to them."

The Wheel begins to revolve.

"I should think you got up your legs," said Nathan, rather scornfully, "from the way you talk."

"No, I did n't get them up, but I accept them as they are, and don't ask for any additional ones," said Ned, generously. "But to go on with my lecture. Keep watching me. When my leg which has been swinging is swung forward and strikes the ground, the heel strikes first because my foot is pointed upward, my leg being bent, and that heel is the arm of a lever which brings the sole flat down upon the ground, and now my right leg is upright again, the body rests upon it, and as I have two

The Swinging Spoke.

legs, I set the other one going. So you see walking means that we are constantly pitching forward, and just as regularly stopping ourselves from falling." [1]

The Revolution ending.

"I suppose the reason why I wear out my heels so fast, then," said Nathan, "is that I strike them first on the ground when I carry my foot forward."

"Exactly; and that is the reason why the shoemaker usually puts a double row of nails at the heel of your shoe. Now let me give you a few lessons in walking. I suppose you think you know how to walk?"

"I learned to walk when I was a baby," said Nathan.

"You can learn a thing or two now," said Ned. "Let me see you walk very slowly," and he watched him critically, as Nathan stepped along. "Slower still. What makes you sway so from one side to the other?"

"I can't help it."

"So I see, for you have n't learned to walk very slowly. You use your feet just as if you were going to walk fast, and of course you make a bungle. Now, watch my feet. Do you see any difference?"

"You don't wabble."

"No, and if you watched long enough you would see why; but we never should get to Dedham, so I'll tell you. When you want to walk slowly your way is to reverse the manner of your step, and

[1] The reader will find the whole subject clearly set forth in Dr. O. W. Holmes's paper, *The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes.*

instead of passing from heel to toe, to pass from toe to heel. When you change from foot to foot, the little toe should touch the ground first. Of course you won't walk on tip-toe, but the outer edge of the ball of the foot and the little toe will be on the ground first, and then the heel and the big toe; then when you push on, turn the foot, push from the inner edge of the ball, which should be the last to leave the ground. This sounds very awkward, and if you were to try walking so, you would find yourself walking in a very clumsy manner; but, after practice, you would secure a steady and dignified gait. When you go to court to pay your respects to the President, or to Queen Victoria, I advise you to practice the art of walking slowly."

"How shall I walk fast?"

"The quicker you walk, if you have good control of yourself, the more erect you will hold yourself, and the less art will be required; but you must learn two or three simple things. First, breathe through your nose only; don't open your mouth. Everything depends on your wind. Then keep your chest raised; and you will do that easiest by throwing your head and shoulders back. There 's nothing worse in walking than that fallen in appearance that some people have, as if they were only tumbling along, and not rolling."

"Cousin Ned, how fast do you suppose we shall walk?"

"How fast do you suppose we are walking now?"

"Why, I suppose, — I suppose, about five miles an hour." Ned laughed.

"When you learn to walk five miles an hour steadily, Nathan, you will be an unusually good walker. We are going about half that rate, and I don't think we are likely to do better than three

miles an hour at any time. If you walk ten miles in three hours, before I get you home, I shall think you are doing very well, — very well indeed."

"Poh! I 've walked into Boston in less than an hour."

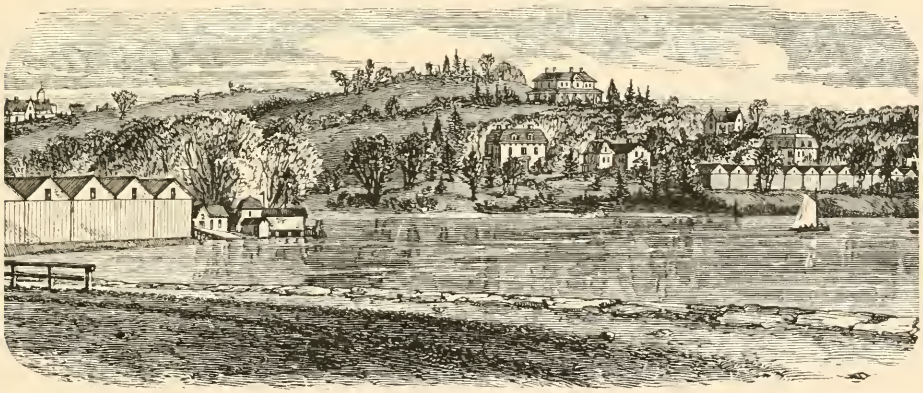
"Very likely; but have you walked in and out and in again in less than three hours?"

"I never tried it."

"Well, we are trying it now though, to-day; it 's only seven miles that we have to walk to Dedham."

"How fast did you walk when you came home the other day?"

"Oh, we walked four miles an hour, on an average, but we were n't walking for a wager. And I tell you what, Nathan, there 's



Jamaica Pond, South Side.

nothing makes you walk so well as good spirits. Get discouraged, and you 'll begin to limp." Ned kept up his little lecture as they walked over the turnpike. They had left pretty Jamaica Pond behind them on their right, had crossed a long marshy ground, and were climbing a wooded hill, which gave them a fine view of all the country about. Here they stopped awhile; and when they pushed

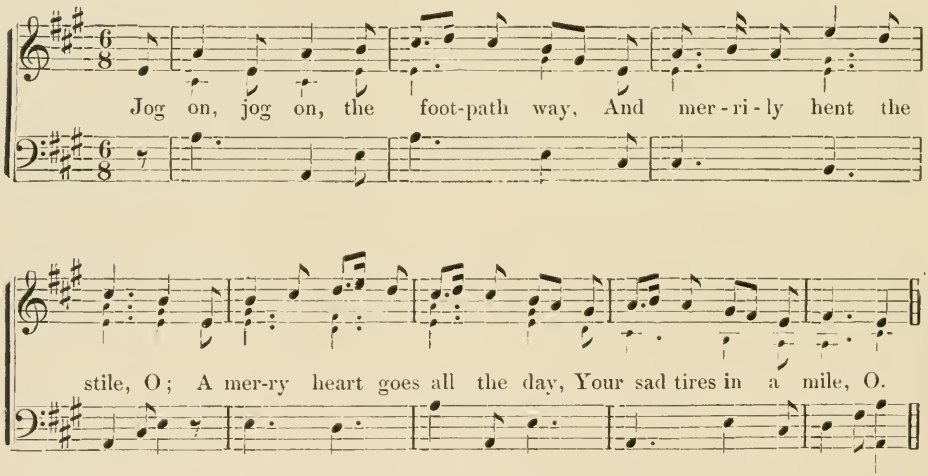
on again, Nathan, who had been rather silent, gave a little sigh. Perhaps so much talk about legs had made the tramp already seem a more serious thing than he had thought it.

"How much farther do you suppose it is to Dedham, Cousin Ned?" he asked.

"Oh, two or three miles, I guess."

"Two or three miles! I thought we must be almost there."

"A watched pot never boils, Nathan; and a walker who counts his steps never gets to the end of his journey. Come, I must teach you my song which I always sing when I begin to tire in walking; and if I don't sing it, I whistle it." So Ned struck up, "Jog on, jog on."



"That's a song out of Shakspere, Nathan," he explained, "and it's a very proper one for us to sing; for Shakspere makes Autolycus, who was a kind of tramp, as well as peddler, sing it, in 'A Winter's Tale.'"

"What does *hent* mean?"

"Oh, it means *take hold of*; I suppose it has something to do with *hand*. But see, there 's Dedham Court House ahead of us." Nathan gathered himself up, and walked more briskly. Indeed, as the two opened the gate and walked up the little flagged path that led to the Phœnix House, one might have thought them two soldiers, so erect and alert were they.

CHAPTER V.

IN GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS.

When Nathan got up to dress the next morning, he noticed two things: his joints were lame, and he could scarcely get his shoes on.

"Yes, your feet are swollen a little," explained his cousin, "but don't you mind; hobble about until after breakfast, and you will find it is not so bad as you think. As for your stiffness, there 's nothing like a little more walking to take that off." The boys had been called at half after five o'clock, so as to have an early breakfast and an early start. They knew no one in Dedham, and so did not care to stay there long. Their next point was Medfield, where Ned meant that they should make a halt for dinner, and their road was the old Hartford stage-road, which led them through a quiet farming country. The sky was overcast when they started, and after they had walked an hour, some drops of rain began to fall. There were more houses now, and a shaded, sleepy looking street gave sign of a little village. Then a country store, with Post Office over the doorway, appeared, and they ran to it for shelter.

"This is n't Medfield, is it?" asked Nathan.

"Oh, no, we are not anywhere near Medfield yet."

They were standing in the doorway as they said this, and a voice came from a dark corner within, —

"This is the village of West Contentment."

They turned, and saw a very old man sitting placidly in an arm-chair in the depths of the store. He had not lost his hearing, evidently, if his voice was weak.

"West Contentment!" said Ned. "And where is Contentment itself to be found?"

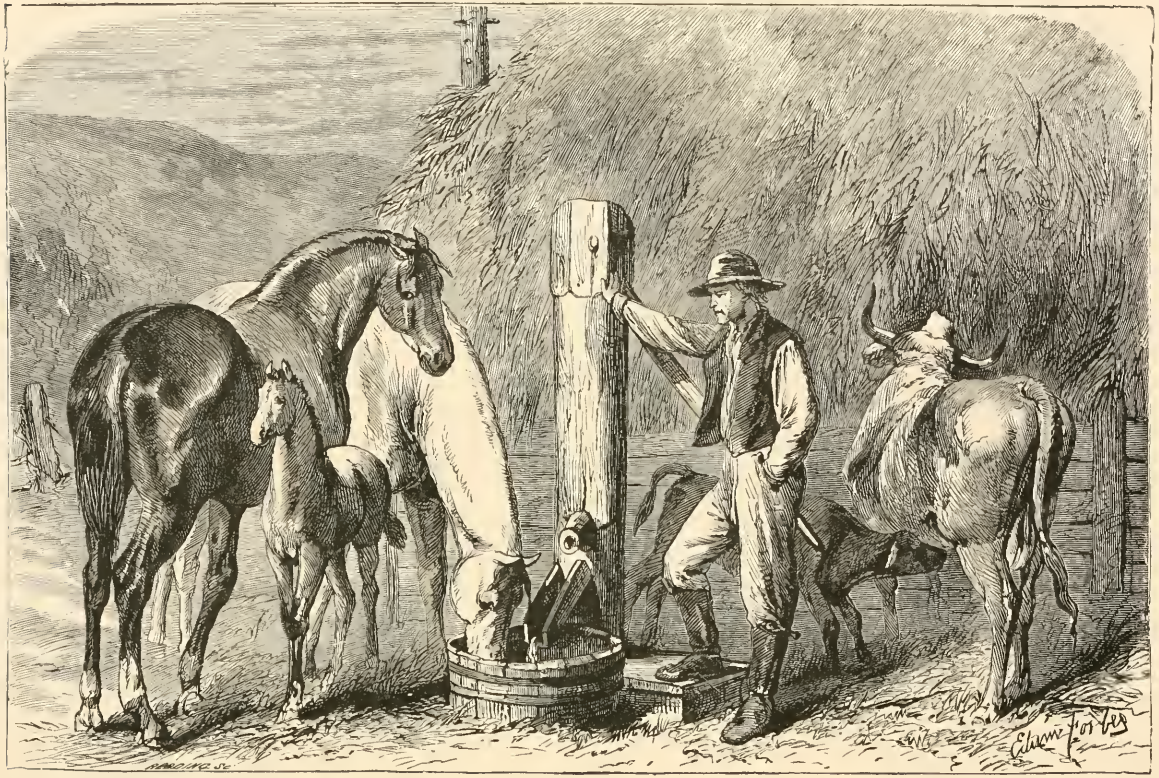
"Over East. I reckon you came from there."

"We came from Dedham."

"Just so. That's Contentment. I suppose you didn't know that when Dedham was first settled, the people wanted the place called Contentment? Well, they did; and I think it's a pity they did n't have their way. I 'm contented, for one." He sat so still in his chair, ceaselessly twirling his thumbs back and forth, that the boys found no difficulty in believing him. He went on again presently. "But they were n't always contented. There was the parson at Clabbertrees. The people did n't like his preaching, and they wanted him to go, but he would n't go, and they had a quarrel; and finally he said if they 'd pay him twenty-five pounds, and escort him out of town, he 'd go." The old gentleman chuckled. "I always thought I 'd like to have been there. I always liked that parson. When he surrendered, he marched out with side-arms, did n't he?"

"What did you say the name of that place was?" asked Ned. "Clapper" —

"Clabbertrees. They called it so because they made clabberds out of the trees there."



A THIRSTY GROUP.

"Oh, Clapboardtrees."

"Yes, that 's what I said, Clabbertrees. It 's up there on the hill yonder."

"Do we go by it on our way to Medfield ?"

"You can, if you want to take a longer walk." But Ned and Nathan both thought they were content to take the most direct road to Medfield, and as the rain had now held up, they set off again on their walk. They aimed to dine at Medfield, and walked steadily under the clouded sky. It was not so clouded, however, as to prevent them from feeling the warmth of the June sun that was hidden behind the clouds, and the perspiration began to roll down their faces, and to trickle down their backs.

"Good!" said Nathan. "There 's a pump. Now for a good drink." The pump was in a farm-yard, but it was not alone, for at that moment a farmer was standing by it and a pretty group of animals: a white horse that was drinking at the trough, a mare with her little colt by her, a cow and a calf, all probably as thirsty as Nathan. The boys stood and watched them. The farmer nodded to them: —

"Want a drink ?" he called out.

"Yes," said Nathan.

"Well, it 'll do you good to wait. You're too het up now. Never drink when you're as het as you are now."

"That 's good doctrine," said Ned; "but there 's a quick way of cooling yourself," and stepping to the pump he pumped a stroke or two, and as the cool water rushed from the spout he put his wrists underneath the stream, and then took hold of the lobes of his ears with his wet hands. "Now I 'm safe," said he, "though it would do me no harm to wait awhile."

"Off on a tramp?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, we 're going to Medfield, now."

"Well, I 'll give you a piece of advice. Don't you drink water too early in your walk. You 'll be twice as thirsty an hour from now as you would have been if you had n't taken this drink. However, I 'll allow water 's refreshing when one is walking."

"That 's a sensible sort of man, Nathan," said Ned, as they walked along. "I 've found out the same thing in walking. Once begin to drink and you have to keep it up; but, then, I don't believe in refusing to drink when you have become downright thirsty, as we have by our walking."

It was a long morning walk to Medfield, for Nathan began to walk slower and slower, until they entered the beautiful, overshadowed Medfield Street. They quickened their pace as they came into town, very much as stage-coaches which have been toiling over a country road dash up to the tavern in the next town as if they had come all the way at that breakneck speed. It was a little before noon when they reached the public house, and as Nathan lifted the pack-saddle from his shoulders, and sank down in one of the round chairs, he felt a delicious sense of rest and ease. He felt even more rested when, after a good dinner, he and Ned stretched themselves in the shade. The landlord had eyed them and their packs curiously, and now sauntered along with friendly disposition.

"Not walking for a wager, are you?" he asked, good-naturedly.

"No," said Ned, "we 're modern pilgrims, fleeing to the City of Destruction. What is Medfield famous for?"

"Well, it came nigh being the village of destruction in King Philip's war."

"To be sure," said Ned, raising himself on his elbow, "I remember now. Medfield, — why, was n't it burnt in that war?"

"It was half of it burnt, and eighteen people were killed. Eighteen does n't seem a very great number to us, but it was a good part of the town then, and it 's the horrors of an Indian war that make all those times seem so terrible to us. We talk about King Philip, — and I suppose he was a half naked savage, but he must have been more than an every-day man to have fought the English as he did. You see, the English who first came had nearly all died. There was a new generation living here, and they were extending their towns in every direction, planting and building, making roads and pushing the Indians back more and more. Philip's father had been a friend to the English, but Philip himself saw very well that either the Indians or the English must go; and he made a desperate effort to destroy these people who had come and settled in the Indian's country. I can't say I wonder that Philip felt as he did. He had been fighting a year or more before the Indians came here. And the people were ready for him, too, you 'd think. Medfield was a frontier town then, and the people knew the Indians were about, and they sent to the Governor for soldiers. Why, on the very day this town was attacked there were about two hundred men under arms here. The general looks of things here did n't differ much from what they are now, except, of course, there are more and different looking houses now. Just down there on the road you 'll see a house they say was standing then. The road you came from when you left Dedham was n't quite as straight. It turned to the left at Walpole corner, and came out near the eastern slope of Mount Nebo yonder, at the house of Isaac Chenery. I want to tell you about him, for he was

King Philip.

the hero of that day when the Indians attacked Medfield. It was the middle of winter, February 20, and Sunday, when all these people that I told you of were in Medfield. They had all been to church, and the meeting-house stood just where the meeting-house now stands, though of course it was a great deal smaller and plainer. The drummer beat his drum to call the people to church, and they came from the woods and plains about. There is a tradition that Mr. Wilson, the minister, warned them to be on their guard against the Indians, in his sermon, and they say that when the people came out they saw Indians over there on Noon Hill. Anyway, Isaac Chenery saw them on his way home. He went down the south road till he came to a thicket of woods on the eastern slope of Mount Nebo, and he had to follow the path through them to come to his house. He was all alone ; he had left his wife and three children in his house, which was in a little stockade."

A Stockade.

"What is a stockade ?"

"It was not much more than a close picket fence set round a house. It helped to keep out wild beasts, and it kept the Indians off a little, though of course it would n't be of much use against more than just a few. Isaac was a mile from the village when he went into the thicket, and his house lay say half a mile or less farther on. He heard a slight noise, and then he began to see Indians all about him, skulking behind the trees and watching him. I tell you that was a moment for the man. He had to make up his mind all by himself, and make it up pretty quick, too. He did n't let on that he saw the Indians. If he had, it would have been all over with him. He might turn back and warn the town ; but if he did, two

things were certain, — his family would be killed, and he would, too. Those Indians would never have let him go back to town if they saw he had seen them. So he just kept right along, as if he'd seen nothing. I rather guess he hummed a psalm-tune; I don't believe he whistled, if he could, for it was Sunday; and I guess he lifted up his heart a little in prayer when he marched ahead, with all those Indians to the right and the left. Well, he got through the woods somehow, and came out on the other side, and then as he walked along he saw the smoke curling out of the chimney of his house. The Indians had n't burnt the house, that was clear. He walked straight on and went into the house. There was his wife and there were his three children. What was he to do now? He knew pretty well that the Indians would n't attack the house or the town in the day-time; that their way was to wait until the dead of night, and especially till the hour before dawn, when people sleep their soundest. So he went about his chores as usual, took care of his cattle, and locked the door of his house. When night came he lighted the candles, he put his children to bed, and then he put his lights out, and lay down himself. But there was n't any sleep for himself and his wife that night. He lay awake, and I guess his ears were sharp enough to hear every noise. When the moon was down and it was pitch dark, he got up with his wife, and they took the three children and crept out of the house. They did n't light any candle or make any noise, you may be sure, but just stole into the woods, and went along as gently as they could toward where Simeon Richardson lives now, and there in the cranberry meadow he hid his family under a great rock. There he left them, and back he went to his house. When he got up on a hillock near by, he could see his house and see the savages pounding away at the

door, and setting fire to his barn. It was beginning to be light enough to see about, and as he could see the Indians from where he stood, it was likely they could see him. So he went to the top of the hill, where the woods were thick behind him, and pointed to the savages, and then pretended to call on some troops in the woods behind him, though there was not a soul there, 'Come on, boys! come on!' he shouted. 'There they are! come on! there they are!' The Indians, seeing him and hearing him cry out in this fashion, thought the woods were full of Englishmen, and they dropped their torches and rushed toward the town."

"And then did they burn it?"

"The Indians whom brave Isaac Chenery frightened were not the only ones in the neighborhood. They were scattered all about the country, and at the time agreed on they all fell upon the farms and on the village, but they did not get to the centre of the town. The noise and confusion and light of burning houses brought the people out of their beds. Somebody rushed to the alarm gun to give the alarm to Dedham. The savages heard it twice, and a panic seized them. They rushed across the bridge and scattered, leaving the town bewildered and half ruined."

"What a state of suspense everybody must have been in in those days," said Ned.

"That 's it; that is what made it hard. People had to be on their guard all the time. No wonder they were rather a grim lot."

By this time Ned and Nathan had rested, and bidding the landlord good-by, they took up their packs and set forward on their journey. They passed the old house said to have been standing in King Philip's war, but it did not look so old as one near by, and

so by the road through the meadows on to the Medways. The willows by the side of the road made a pleasant shade, and the meadows stretched away on either side.

"I wonder if this is not where the Charles River takes its rise," said Ned. "You know it rises somewhere about here, and so does the Neponset, and the two together make Boston almost an island. I think there 's not more than half a mile between their sources." The afternoon was warm, and Nathan, who had walked nearly twenty miles, was beginning to show signs of being pretty well fatigued. He limped along without saying much, and looked eagerly at the guide-posts whenever they came to them.

"Come, Nathan," said Ned at last, "I'm afraid people won't take you for Tom Twist."

"Who was he?" asked Nathan, indifferently.

"I shall have to tell you. So listen, as I repeat the wonderful story of—

TOM TWIST.

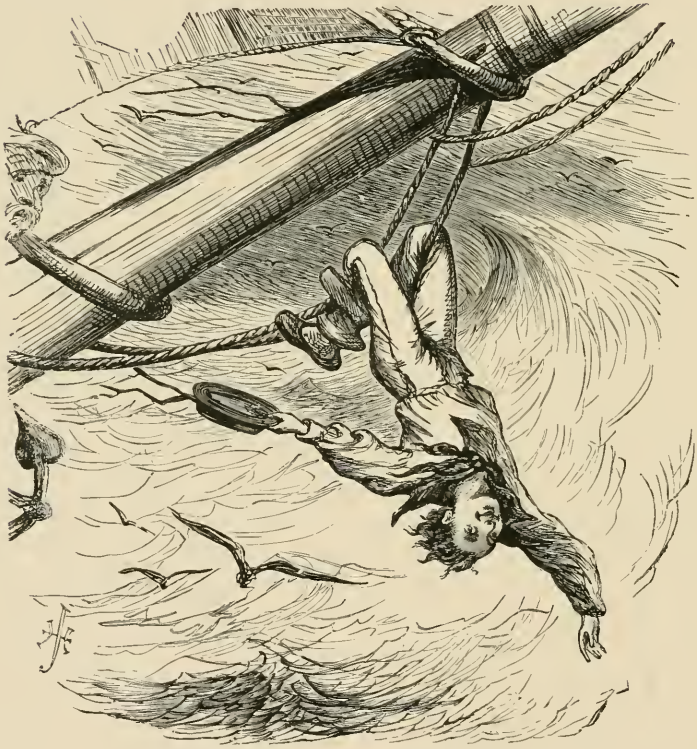
BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

Tom Twist was a wonderful fellow,
  No boy was so nimble and strong;
He could turn ten somersets backward,
  And stand on his head all day long.
No wrestling, or leaping, or running,
  This tough little urchin could tire;
His muscles were all gutta-percha
  And his sinews bundles of wire.

Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
  So off, with a hop and a skip,
He went to a Nantucket captain,
  Who took him on board of his ship.

The vessel was crowded with seamen,
  Young, old, stout and slim, short and tall,
But in climbing, swinging, and jumping,
  Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

He could scamper all through the rigging,
  As spry and as still as a cat,
While as for a leap from the maintop
  To deck, he thought nothing of that;



He danced at the end of the yard-arm,
  Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
And hung by his legs from the bowsprit,
  When the wind was blowing a gale.

The vessel went down in a tempest,
  A thousand fathoms or more;
But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
  And, swimming five miles, got ashore.
The shore was a cannibal island,
  The natives were hungry enough;
But they felt of Tommy all over,
  And found him entirely too tough.

So they put him into a boy-coop, —
  Just to fatten him up, you see, —
But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
  And climbed to the top of a tree.
The tree was the nest of a condor,
  A bird with prodigious big wings,
Who lived upon boa-constrictors
  And other digestible things.

The condor flew home in the evening,
  And there lay friend Tommy so snug,
She thought she had pounced on a very
  Remarkable species of bug;
She soon woke him up with her pecking,
  But Tommy gave one of his springs,
And leaped on the back of the condor,
  Between her long neck and her wings.

The condor tried plunging and pitching,
  But Tommy held on with firm hand,
Then off, with a scream, flew the condor,
  O'er forest and ocean and land.
By and by she got tired of her burden,
  And flying quite close to the ground,
Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
  And quickly slipped off with a bound,

He landed all right, and feet foremost,
  A little confused by his fall,

And then ascertained he had lighted
  On top of the great Chinese wall.
He walked to the city of Pekin,
  Where he made the Chinamen grin;
He turned ten somersets backward,
  And they made him a Mandarin.

Then Tom had to play the Celestial;
  And to dangle a long pigtail;
And he dined on puppies and kittens,
  Till his spirits began to fail.
He sighed for his native country,
  And he longed for its ham and eggs;
And in turning somersets backward
  His pigtail would catch in his legs.

He sailed for his dear home and harbor,
  The house of his mother he knew;

He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
And came down the chimney-flue.
His mother in slumber lay dreaming
That she never would see him more,
When she opened her eyes, and Tommy
Stood there on the bedroom floor!

Her nightcap flew off in amazement,
Her hair stood on end with surprise,
"What kind of a ghost or a spirit
Is this that I see with my eyes?"

"I am your most dutiful Tommy."
"I will not believe it," she said,
"Till you turn ten somersets backward,
And stand half an hour on your head."

"That thing I will do, dearest mother."
At once with a skip and a hop,

He turned the ten somersets backward,
But then was unable to stop!
The tenth took him out of the window,
His mother jumped from her bed,
To see his twentieth somerset
Take him over the kitchen shed;

Thence across the patch of potatoes
And beyond the church on the hill;
She saw him tumbling and turning,
Turning and tumbling still, —
Till Tommy's body diminished
In size to the head of a pin,
Spinning away in the distance,
Where it still continues to spin!

The rhymes answered the purpose of a band of music, or at least of a drum and fife, for Nathan's flagging steps were made more regular; he forgot his fatigue, and so marched into Medway, where they were to spend the night, with quite an elastic step. However, he was pretty well tired at the end of his second day's tramp, and Ned saw that he had a good bath before he went to bed. As he lay in the tepid water, luxuriously, he spoke out what was on his mind:—

"Once or twice to-day, Ned, I was on the point of asking for the nearest railway station, but I 'm glad now I did n't."

CHAPTER VI.

SQUIRRELS AND WOLF-DEN.

THE boys in planning their journey had fixed upon certain points which they wished to take in, without going much out of the direct course. Pomfret was the next place which they had in view, and it was a two days' journey for them from Medway. Nathan found the third day easier than the second, though the second was harder than the first, and Ned was glad to see that the little fellow walked cheerfully along without any apparent discomfort. He rarely talked to Nathan about their walk, or wondered how far they had been, and how far they had to go, and what o'clock it was, for he knew that all this would only make Nathan discouraged; but he told him stories of his college life, and whatever came along on the road that was of interest he made serve for a topic to talk about.

For instance as they were walking this day they saw a large gray squirrel in the woods by the side of the road.

"Ha! there's a gray squirrel, Nathan," said his cousin. "Watch him! see him jump across to that pine tree. There! he's gone. Did you ever see one of their nests?"

"No, I never did."

"They make them of twigs and leaves in the hollow of a de-

cayed tree, or in the crotch of some big tree. There they stay when it is wet, for they like to be dry and clean. You 've seen one of them in a cage, I suppose ? "

" Yes. I saw one once in a store on Washington Street, turning a wheel like mad."

" I would n't keep one in a cage. I 'd have him outside where I could play with him. They 're real affectionate little fellows, and will eat out of your hand, and run up on your shoulder. A cage, though, makes a very good house for them ; but it seems a pity to keep them shut up in it, when they like running about so much."

" Did you ever catch one ? "

" No, I never did ; but a friend of mine had a pair of flying squirrels once. They were lovely little fellows, with beautiful soft fur of a dun color ; they had dark stripes on the sides, white bellies, and large black eyes."

" Do they really fly ? "

" I'll tell you about that. Between the fore and hind legs is a membrane, or loose flap of skin. You don't ordinarily notice it ; but when the squirrel spreads his four legs he stretches the membrane almost on a line with his feet, so that he is as flat as a flounder. He does n't flap his membrane like a wing, but he runs to the top of a tree, leaps into the air, plunges downward, almost perpendicularly, then spreads himself out, and shoots

upward to the opposite tree, almost as swiftly as a bird. He does not reach quite as high a point as that from which he started, but it is very nearly as high, and he has passed over a great deal more space than he could possibly have leaped across. The pair Charley had was a pair of young ones taken out of a nest, and they were gentle little creatures. When he first got them, they came near dying, for he could n't get them to drink any warm milk, and he did n't know how he should keep them alive. Suddenly he remembered hearing that a cat could sometimes be made to suckle other young beside her own, and his cat had a litter of kittens in an old basket. He found her there with three or four kittens snuggling up to her, and, covering her eyes with one hand, he slid the young squirrels in among them. They cuddled down in the warm fur, and it seemed so much like home to them, that in a moment they were nursing away as comfortably as possible. He took away his hand, and the old cat turned to see what was going on. She could n't make it out at first, and looked at the little fellows and smelled of them, but they kept on as if it was all right, and pretty soon she settled down like a good nurse, and the squirrels and kittens grew up together. You 've often heard the story of the hen that hatched ducks, and how distressed she was when the ducks began to go into the water. It was something like this when the squirrels began to play their pranks. They would climb up on the rim of the basket, and, poising themselves a moment, come sailing down into the crowd. But the old cat was more surprised than troubled. They made their home, finally, in a basket that hung near the ceiling; and it was fun, Charley said, to see them play up there, and tease the cat, who would go mewing about, and looking up at them, as if to tell them to be careful, until she got tired out, and then she would lie down for

a nap, when one of the rogues would come sailing down from the basket upon the top of the cat's head, and go riding round the room. Charley's father was a good-natured man, and used to let the squirrels travel about in his coat-pocket. But sometimes he would think they were rather troublesome pets. He had a bald head and wore spectacles, and used to read his newspaper in the evening, and go to sleep over it. Then was the squirrels' chance. One of them, seeing the shining bald spot, would sail down upon it, but it was so smooth that he would go sliding down over the head in front, and carry the spectacles along with him. You can fancy how the old gentleman, waking suddenly, and, throwing up his hand, would fail to catch the squirrel, the spectacles, or the newspaper. They were great pets, but always getting into mischief, sailing into milk-pans, and meddling with what did not belong to them."

Coat-pocket Coach.

"What became of them?"

"One of them dodged out of the door one cold winter night, and would not be coaxed back again. I am afraid he froze himself, and the other died of old age."

"I've seen red squirrels," said Nathan.

"Yes, they're common enough, and I think they are about the prettiest kind there is. They will take anything they can lay hold of: nuts out here in the woods, corn by the barn, and fresh robins' eggs, if they can get them. Hallo! there's a chipmunk now," and a chubby striped squirrel ran along the stone wall by the side of the

road. The boys watched him till he disappeared. "There 's a curious thing about that squirrel," Ned went on. "His hole is as round as if bored by an auger, and there 's never a speck of dirt about the mouth. What becomes of it all? The hole goes straight down a little way, and then winds off under ground, and at the further end is his nest and winter storehouse. I have sometimes wondered if he did n't use his cheeks for wheelbarrows, when making his nest. You've seen his cheeks stuffed out sometimes like pouches, full of nuts or corn. He carries in his provisions in that way into his nest, and I don't believe but he brings his dirt out in the same way, when he is making the hole. There 's a black squirrel that is n't found about here, but farther west. I never saw it, and I never saw the brown squirrel, which is a European variety. He 's very tame, I 'm told, for the governments do not allow him to be hunted; and you can see him playing about the woods, and in the paths, in the most fearless manner."

"I should think they 'd crack their teeth, sometimes, over the hickory nuts."

"The squirrels would n't thank you if you were to crack their nuts for them. The fact is, they have to gnaw, gnaw, gnaw all the time, to keep their teeth from growing too long. Why, if they should stop gnawing for six weeks, their teeth would have grown so long that they would be unable to shut their mouths; and if you ever catch a squirrel in the woods, you 'll find his teeth are pretty sharp, and can go right through a buckskin glove."

It was on Thursday at dusk that they reached Pomfret, and even Ned was reasonably tired when he had climbed the long hills that led to the high land upon which that pretty village stands. As they were walking over the road, they fell in with a farmer who was going in the same direction. He was driving a wagon which was nearly empty, for he had been to Putnam to carry some potatoes, the last of his last year's store, and was coming back light weighted. The horse was walking, but overtook the boys.

"Going up to Pomfret Street?" asked the farmer, reining his horse in as he came up with them.

"Yes."

"Jump in, then. I'll take you the rest of the way." Nathan looked at Ned, who answered quickly: —

"Thank you, sir, if it won't tire your horse."

"Not much," said the farmer, as they clambered in. "Why, this horse walks five miles an hour. I never saw a man or boy yet who could keep up with him, and he travels steady. Going a fishing? don't see your lines."

"No, we 're walking, like your horse."

"Walking! where you walking to? where d' you come from?"

"We came from Roxbury," said Ned.

"Near Boston," added Nathan, who was not sure that the farmer would know where Roxbury was.

"Oh, you need n't tell me where Roxbury is," said the man. "We came from there; pretty much all the people about here came from there."

"They did!" said Nathan, incredulously, for he had never heard much about Pomfret when he was in Roxbury. "When did they come?"

"A matter of a hundred and seventy years ago," said the farmer, with a chuckle. "Get up, David. Now, did you ever see a horse walk faster than this horse of mine?"

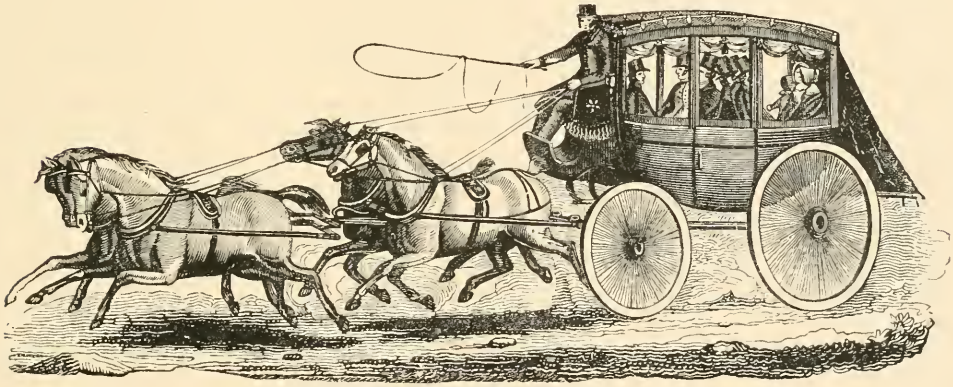
"I never did," said Ned. "Did he walk from Roxbury with the first settlers?"

"If he had, he 'd have got here first, young man. Did you come by way of Medfield?"

"Yes."

"Well, one of my ancestors was there when the town was burnt; but there were Indians enough in this country then. I 've heard my grandfather tell stories about them that he heard when he was a boy. There was Jacob Spalding, the first settler over in South Killingly. He bought a deer skin of one of the Indians, and paid him for it in the paper money they used in those days. The fellow mislaid the bill somewhere, and then forgot he had been paid, or else pretended to forget, and went back to Jacob to be paid again. Jacob told him he 'd paid him. 'No, you have n't,' said the Indian. 'Yes, I have,' said Jacob, and so they had it back and forth, and finally the savage got mad and went off and got some other savages to come back with him and help him get it. They found Jacob Spalding on top his barn shingling it. 'Just pay me for that skin,' says the Indian. 'No, I won't; I 've paid you,' says Jacob, and goes on driving a shingle nail. At that the Indian gets wrathy, and lets fly an arrow at Jacob. Jacob dodges down behind the ridge-pole, and the fellow goes round the barn to get him on that side; but, as fast as he gets over there, Jacob, who has been keeping an eye on him, just dodges to'ther side; and he keeps that Indian trotting back and forth trying to get sight of Jacob. The fellow gets pretty tired of that, and stops to take some tobacco out of his pouch. What does he pull out but the very bill Jacob had given him. 'He 's a liar! Jacob 's the honest man!' the other fellows who have been looking on cry out, and they tie him up to a tree and give him a good thrashing. Grandfather used to tell a story of Jacob's wife, too. One night in winter Jacob had gone to the grist mill through the deep snow, and had n't got back. They were short of provisions, and about all they had in the house was a gigantic beef-bone. There had been Indians about all day,

but Mrs. Spalding would n't let any of them in. She 'd open the window, — a sort of wooden sliding-door, — and push out some food to them, but she did n't mean to have any of them inside the house; they were ugly fellows sometimes. When night came, and the children were abed and asleep, and the lights out, she was sure she heard some one prowling about outside. She listened, and was certain there was an Indian at work at the slide door, meaning to climb in, and, for all she knew, murder her and the children.



Over the New Boston Road.

Quick as a flash she seized the big beef-bone, slid the window open, and flung the bone with all her might in the face of the Indian. He gave a howl, dropped and ran, for he could n't make out what it was had rushed out at him in that fashion. Men and women, too, had to be pretty spry in those days. Going to Hartford?"

"Yes, after we 've seen the wolf-den."

"Want to know! Well, I can remember myself when the stages ran between Boston and Hartford. It was a hundred and two and a half miles exactly by the new road, and the stage used to start

at four o'clock in the morning, and run till eight o'clock in the evening."

"That's quicker work than we're making," said Ned. "We shall be six days about it."

"Well, six days isn't bad for a couple of youngsters. So you're going to Wolf-Den, are you? My grandfather was a boy when Putnam pulled the wolf out, and he was there and saw it done."

"Did you ever hear the old gentleman tell about it?"

"Many a time, many a time. He had hold of the rope that was fastened to old Put, and he helped haul him out of the hole."

"Well, we mean to see that hole to-morrow."

"All right, that hole is there still, and you can see how you would like to go into it when you knew there was a wolf at the other end. Here we are at Pomfret Street. Where do you mean to put up?"

"At the tavern," said Ned.

"There isn't any tavern. Come to my house." And the boys, nothing loth, accepted the farmer's invitation. Not only that, but the next morning he insisted on driving them over to Wolf-Den. They went about four miles along the road, and then left the wagon in a little shed at the entrance of a wood path, and walked perhaps a third of a mile into the wood. They had no trouble in finding the exact spot. The path had been trodden by numberless feet before them, and led to the rocks that were about the cave. One broad rock hung over the hillside, and a good many fires had evidently been made under its shelter. Below them was a mass of woods and a thick swamp, and it was not hard to bring back the old days, for there was little about the place, except the worn path, which had been changed since the Pomfret wolf made his lair here.

The cave itself was marked by Wolf-Den in large letters over its entrance, and scores of names of visitors had been scratched on the rocks. The boys looked in vain to find the name of Israel Putnam.

Israel Putnam.

"He made his mark, though," said Ned, "if he did n't write his name here." The entrance to the cave was about two feet square, and a passage ran in some twenty or thirty feet, as nearly as they could judge, nowhere high enough for one to stand upright. The boys saw with grief that it was a different cave from what they had expected, and they had no ropes or torches with which to explore it.

"Well, this is a failure," said Nathan, ruefully. "To come all the way from Roxbury here, and then not go in more than two or three feet after all."

"Singular," said the farmer, "I 've always lived here, and I never went in. I suppose now you 've been lots of times up Bunker Hill Monument," and he winked slyly at Ned, as much as to say, "I've got him there."

"I have been up nine times," said Nathan, proudly.

"Oh, you have. Well, like as not I shall go into this cave some time, — hardly nine times, though. You see, this is n't like Bunker Hill. You can't see anything when you get to the other end, while at Bunker Hill, now —"

"You can," said Ned, finishing his hesitating comparison for him. "But, come, we must be on our way to Hartford." The farmer, as if to make amends for the disappointment, insisted on driving them as far as Jericho, for they meant to take the road that led through Willimantic. He brought them to where the road led off to Hampton Hill, and there bade them good-by.

"When you go through Windham," said he, "just ask somebody if there 's going to be another frog fight in the pond to-night."

"Oh, was it in this Windham that the frog fight was?" asked Ned.

"You know about it, then? You can tell the story to Nathan. You can tell him it was just about a hundred years ago. Yes, it was June, 1754. I've often heard my grandfather tell it. Good-by, good-by. I'll get home fast enough. My horse can walk five miles an hour, — good-by."

"I wonder which he thinks the most of, Nathan; his cheerful old grandfather or his horse."

"But what about the frog fight?"

"That is a story that people used to laugh over a good deal, but I guess some of it has been made up on the way down to us. The people in Windham were interested in what was known as the Susquehanna Purchase, in the far west of the Susquehanna Valley, just at the time the French and Indian war broke out, and there was a good deal of anxiety and excitement about it. The country was so wild that nobody knew just where the fighting might break out; and one sultry night, when it was perfectly still and intensely dark, there suddenly was heard the most horrible racket and noise; not a thing could be seen, but these unearthly sounds grew louder and louder. People all got out of bed, and wondered and wondered what was going on. Some thought the end of the world had come, and some that the French and Indians were upon them. They tried to make out voices which they heard in the din. At length they heard very distinctly, 'We'll have Colonel Dyer,' who was one of those most concerned in the Susquehanna business. Then again, 'We'll have Colonel Dyer,' in deep, guttural tones."

"Just the awful way you're saying it, I suppose," laughed Nathan.

"Then a voice piped up, 'Elderkin, too! Elderkin, too!' He was another well-known Windham man, and then some French words which they could n't make out. Oh, Nathan, what a night they passed! And what do you suppose it all was?"

"Frogs, of course."

"Oh, yes, — but I told you at the beginning. And when they went to the frog-pond in the morning they found some dead frogs near the border of the pond, but they could find no marks of violence. It did not seem so dreadful, when broad daylight came and all was still, but they had to own that they were a little frightened in the night. No one ever knew what caused it all, though it has been guessed that there was a fearful epidemic in the pond, and all the frogs were howling at once. You can make frogs say a good many things by listening hard."

Their walk brought them now to a hill overlooking a valley, and across the valley they could see their road climbing up, up a steep hill, on the top of which was a village, which they knew to be Hampton. A sign-board pointed soon to "Scotland," and just then they caught sight of some smoke in that direction, —

"Fire! fire!
Scotland's burning! Scotland's burning!
Pour on water! pour on water!
Fire! fire!"

sang Ned and Nathan in the old round which once was in all the music-books. They did not know it, but this was the very Scotland, for the round was written years ago by a Scotland young man, named Jonathan Huntington. Jonathan's brother Samuel

married a girl with the singular name of Martha Devotion. It was pretty difficult work singing as they toiled up the steep hill, and they soon gave it up. At Hampton, upon the top of this high hill, they found a good inn and dined leisurely, for they meant to go no further than Willimantic that night, and it lay only eleven miles beyond. They found the road thither a pleasant one, but the only notable point was an old sign-board at the little hamlet of Goshen, bearing the words, FREE SOIL ROAD TO HARTFORD. A stout Free Soiler had hung out his colors thus years before.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER.

IT was at the close of the first week, late Saturday afternoon, that Ned Adams and Nathan Bodley crossed the Connecticut by the long bridge, and made their way to Prospect Street, in Hartford, where their Aunt Martha lived. There was the zest now not only of closing one important stage of their journey, for they meant to stay several days in Hartford, but of entering upon somewhat familiar ground. Three or four years ago they had both visited their aunt, and as they walked up the old street they kept a lively look out for landmarks.

"Let me see," said Ned, "it is now six o'clock. At exactly half after six, if my memory serves me, the Judge and his wife take tea; so we shall be just in time."

"Perhaps they have changed their tea hour since we were here."

"Impossible, Nathan; they have not changed their tea hour for thirty years."

"Did you take tea here thirty years ago?"

"No; but if I had, it would have been at half after six. Ha! there 's the house. How cool and clean it looks." It was a square brick house, painted a pale yellow, and standing trimly at the corner of two streets. A flight of brown sandstone steps led to the front-door, where the handle and old knocker were of shining brass, and everything about the house betokened scrupulous neatness.

"It 's almost improper for us to go up the front steps in this rig," said Ned, as he clapped the knocker; "I feel apologetic already."

"I feel tired and hungry," said Nathan. The door was opened by a tidy black girl, and the boys stood in the cool, darkened hall, swinging off their pack-saddles. In another moment there was a smothered scream, and Phippy and Lucy burst at them, and threw their arms about their necks.

"How did you get here!" exclaimed Nathan. "Where 's mother?" but the last question was answered first by Mrs. Bodley's smiling face as she appeared in the hall.

"We did n't walk," exclaimed Phippy. "We came all the way in the cars, and our feet are not in the least swollen, nor do our tired bones ache."

"Well, mine only were the first day," said Nathan, who recognized an extract from one of his letters. "Where 's Aunt Martha and the Judge?"

"You can go up-stairs first and dress for tea," said Mrs. Bodley, "and then you 'll see Aunt Martha. She 's busy now."

"Did our valise come?"

"Yes. Your clean clothes are all lying on the bed." So the

boys, escorted by the girls, opened the door which shut off the staircase, and marched up-stairs. Aunt Martha was in the hall above, and pecked a kiss at each of them. She looked heated, but her snow-white cap had something to do with giving her a high color.

"I'll see you at tea-time," she said; "this is the way; through this door; be careful; three steps, one, two, three," and she counted them as the boys stepped down into the little passage-way which led to their room. It was all very natural to them. Everything was precisely as it was on their last visit; the little pictures in silhouette on the walls hung as they always had, and the bedstead had the same quaint, solid air of comfort. The boys chattered fast as they made their toilet, and it was a pleasure to shed their travel-stained suit, and dress once more in clean linen.

"Is n't it splendid that they came," said Nathan. "I never dreamed of their coming."

"Nor I. I suppose they could n't get along without us any longer. Don't you put your boots on the carpet, Nathan; put them on the hearth. We 've got to walk straight here, my lad. Do you suppose Phippy and Lucy expect to walk the rest of the way to New York with us?"

"What a company we should make. Ned, I 've almost a mind to go home from here."

"Oh, fiddle, Nathan. I know what makes you feel so. It 's getting into your clean clothes. That 's the way we always feel when we 're on a tramp. Wait till we 're ready to start, and you 'll feel differently. Come, let 's go down-stairs." They found the family just preparing to sit down to tea. The family consisted of the Judge and Aunt Martha, who had no children, Mrs. Bodley, Phippy, Lucy, Ned, and Nathan. Aunt Martha was the eldest sister of Mrs.

Bodley, and the Judge was her senior by many years. The two old people had lived here far beyond the memory of the children, and the stories which their mother told of the time when she lived with Aunt Martha in Hartford, seemed to them to belong to the Middle Ages. The Judge, who was a white-haired man of benevolent face and kindly manners, gave them a pleasant greeting, and Nathan with some awkwardness kissed the old gentleman, though he confessed privately to Phippy afterward that he never could be quite sure that he should hit the Judge correctly.

"Is n't it awful!" said Phippy. "Do you suppose his nose and chin will ever meet? But is n't he a dear old man?"

"You did n't pass your mother on the road, did you?" asked the Judge, with a sly look at Nathan.

"Why, I had no more idea she was coming — Mother, did you mean to come before we left Roxbury?"

"No, I had not thought of it; but when I wrote to your Aunt Martha, and sent your bag, she sent back an invitation to us to come on."

"Well, it 's the best surprise I know. Aunt Martha, the well is in the kitchen still, I see," he added, gravely, as he set down his tumbler of water.

"Oh, yes," broke in Phippy, eagerly, who was making her first visit; "is n't it splendid. Mother took us out there."

"You must be careful and not fall in, Philippa," said her cautious aunt, "and you must not get in Amanda 's way."

"I remember the well," said Ned. "It always was my wonder how it got into the kitchen; whether the kitchen was built round the well, or the well sunk through the kitchen floor. How naturally this water tastes."

"Some people don't like it," said the Judge.

"I have to get used to it every time I come," said Mrs. Bodley. The children ate their supper decorously, setting their cups down carefully on the polished mahogany table, and looking curiously at their Aunt Martha, who fanned herself with a large turkey-feather fan as she ate; that, and a little fat bottle of aromatic salts, never left her side; and every once in a while she would open the red cork a little way, and sniff the salts, while her eyes, half shut, winked rapidly. Aunt Martha was invariably kind, and the children were very much attached to her; nevertheless they watched her closely, having a curious feeling that she was going to do something unexpected the next moment. They all went into the parlor, except the Judge, and Ned spied with delight the picture of the Charter Oak, which hung on the wall.

"See, Lucy!" he cried; "here is the picture of the Charter Oak I have told you of. Do you see the veritable oak itself?" The picture was wonderfully made. It was of the famous Charter Oak tree; but what made it so wonderful was that the trunk of the tree in the picture was actually made of a piece of the old oak itself, stuck on. "Aunt Martha, is the Charter Oak still standing?"

"Yes, just where it always was, on the Wyllys place. The little girls sometimes have tea-parties in it."

"In it, Aunt Martha!" said Lucy.

"Yes, child; the trunk is so rotten that it has been hollowed out."

"But what was the Charter Oak?" asked Lucy. "I've forgotten."

"I shall have to tell you again, Lucy," said Ned, "and you must not forget my historical lectures so easily. In the good old Colony

days, when we lived under the king, Connecticut had a charter, as the other colonies had, given by the king, and granting certain rights to the colonists. Under this charter the people had a government which was almost independent of the English government; and when the time came that the colonies were growing rich and prosperous, the English king thought it would be a good plan to bring them more directly under his control, and he sent a royal governor over who was to rule all New England, and make the people a little less independent. The first thing Sir Edmund Andros, the new governor, did, was to demand the charters, which the colonists thought so highly of, because they were the written proof of their partial independence, and they kept tight hold of them as long as possible. Andros came to Hartford in October, 1687, with a troop of soldiers, when the legislature was in session. He told them to give up the charter, for he was governor now, and did not need it. The charter was in a box on the table, and the old governor and the members talked earnestly about it, contending that they ought not to give it up. They talked on and on, as if they could convince Andros; but I suppose he had made up his mind to have the charter any way, and only let them discuss it because he did not want to appear too tyrannical. They talked on till evening came, and candles were lighted. A great crowd had gathered, and everybody was excited. At length, however, the debate came to an end, and Andros ordered the charter to be put back in the box, from which it had been taken out, and delivered to him. Just then the candles were blown out, and there was a great deal of confusion in getting them lighted again; when they were lighted, the charter was gone, box and all. Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth had gone off with it, and had hidden it in a cavity in the old oak. It was brought out again in 1689, when the English Revolution made it safe."

"None the less the colonial government came to an end with Andros's visit," said the Judge, who had entered the room; "and there are some even in Har'ford who say the charter never went into the oak at all, but into Colonel Wadsworth's cellar. But you can see the oak, and you can see the charter, for that is hanging now in the State House."

"The State House is close by," explained Ned, "and we must go there next week."

"Did you ever hear the story of Abraham Davenport, children?" asked the Judge.

"No, I never did," said Phippy.

"Speaking of the State House made me think of him, for it was only to-day that I was reading about him. I can just remember what I often heard people speak about when I was a boy, a day which has become known as The Dark Day. On the 19th of May, 1780, there was a very remarkable darkness that came on between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning; the air was as thick as at night; the hens went to roost, and people had to light candles to see what they were about at noon day. A good many people were very much frightened, and thought the sun never would shine again, and that the end of the world had come. Nobody knew what caused the darkness, and it never has been satisfactorily explained. The legislature was sitting in the State House here at Har'ford, and some of the members were so much impressed that they proposed to adjourn the session; but Abraham Davenport, who was a member from Stamford, and very much respected, rose and said that whether or no this were the Day of Judgment, one thing was certain, the Lord should find him like the faithful steward occupying till He came, and so he proceeded to speak on the bill which was before the house. That was a fine thing to do."

Somebody else also knew this story, for years afterward the children remembered it as they read the poet Whittier's verses on —

ABRAHAM DAVENPORT.

In the old days (a custom laid aside
With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent
Their wisest men to make the public laws.
And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound
Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas,
Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,
And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,
Stamford sent up to the councils of the State
Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year
Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell
Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,
Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,
A horror of great darkness, like the night
In day of which the Norland sagas tell, —
The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky
Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim
Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs
The crater's sides from the red hell below.
Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls
Roosted; the cattle at the pasture bars
Lowed, and looked homeward; bats on leathern wings
Flitted abroad; the sounds of labor died;
Men prayed, and women wept; all ears grew sharp
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ
Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern
As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts,
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport.
He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice
The intolerable hush. "This well may be
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;
But be it so or not, I only know
My present duty, and my Lord's command
To occupy till He come. So at the post
Where He hath set me in His providence,
I choose for one, to meet Him face to face, —
No faithless servant frightened from my task,
But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls;
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the speaker read,
Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands,
An act to amend an act to regulate
The shad and alewive fisheries. Whereupon
Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without
The shrewd, dry humor natural to the man;
His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,
Between the pauses of his argument,
To hear the thunder of the wrath of God
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half-seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

HEARING THE OLD CLOCK.

The family in the old house at the corner was a punctual and a very early going to bed family. At quarter before nine the Bible was brought in, and the Judge had family prayers. As soon as devotions were over all the family went up-stairs to bed; and Ned said, as he went up, that when the Judge put out the hall lamp, the other three houses upon the corner all became dark at the same moment, for the three families that occupied them were just as regular and as steady as the Judge's. It was a warm night, and the children lay awake a long time; but at length they fell asleep. Only Phippy, who had just fallen off, started up at the sound of a bell. It was not a bell at all, but the clock on the tall Centre church striking ten. She began to count, falling back upon her bed, but long before the tenth stroke of the slow old clock had sounded, she was fast asleep. She had only counted six.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SUNDAY WITH OLD PEOPLE.

The city seemed very still Sunday morning when the children came down to breakfast. They were used to quiet Sundays at home, but here there seemed an order and sweet stillness pervading everything. The bells rang for Sunday-school and for church, and people walked in cool costume through the sunny streets, and entered large churches, and fanned themselves sedately. At the Judge's everything partook of the same calm. He and Aunt Martha seemed to have a new set of duties and occupations for the day, and by lit-

tle changes from the common ways of the week, to make the Sunday a distinct and specific day. Breakfast was half an hour earlier, and prayers were after breakfast instead of before. The Judge read a longer chapter than usual, and Ned watched curiously for signs of a little quaintness in the Judge's reading, which he had noticed before. This old-fashioned gentleman seemed to have a peculiar liking for contractions, and would make them as he read. "And he did n't many mighty works there because of their unbelief," he read this morning; and Ned looked to see if he would spread his red bandanna handkerchief on the floor before kneeling, which he did, though the floor was scrupulously clean. The children went about on tiptoe, and read books in separate corners and chairs, and seemed so quieted by the house, that Mrs. Bodley began to fear there would be a sudden and violent change. Even Phippy, in a stiffly starched frock, sat up as erect as Aunt Martha.

"Come and learn a little song," she said to them, finally. "We ought to sing something very fine and sweet this quiet morning. I know a very good one, and I will teach you the words and music at the same time." Mrs. Bodley had a very sweet voice, and while there was no instrument, she was skillful at teaching her children.

"Won't it disturb Aunt Martha?" asked Lucy, looking rather serious.

"Not to hear us sing in time," said Mrs. Bodley, laughing. "So, mind and follow my voice." Then she sang through for them the verses by George Herbert: —

"Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; —
For thou must die.

"Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye:
Thy root is ever in its grave; —
And thou must die.

"Sweet Spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box, where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews ye have your closes: —
And all must die.

"Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives."

Although she said the verses, she thought it well to teach the children to sing only the first two, as they best fitted the music, and then she changed a little the fourth line to accommodate it to the air. Here is the music, which was a popular air early in the seventeenth century.

Sweet Day, so Cool, so Calm, so Bright.

Smoothly, and in moderate time.

p *cres.* *sf* *mf*

ff

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bri - dal

pp

of the earth and sky. The dews shall weep thy fall to -

night, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.

a tempo.

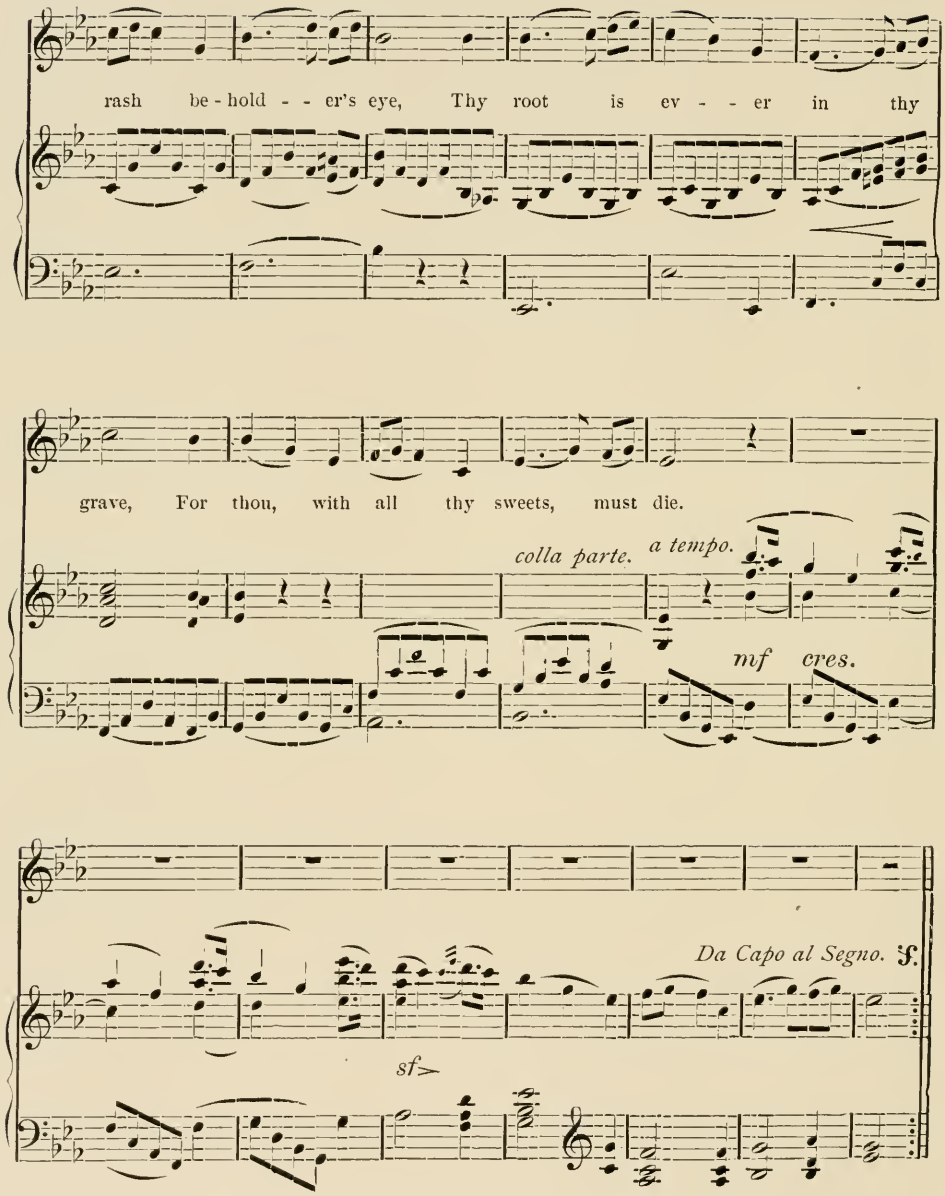
colla parte. *mf* *cres.*

Sweet

sf

rose, so fra - grant and so brave..... Dazzling the

pp *f* *p*


rash be - hold - - er's eye, Thy root is ev - - er in thy
grave, For thou, with all thy sweets, must die.
colla parte.
a tempo.
mf cres.
Da Capo al Segno. 𝄋.
sf

"That sounds like old poetry, Aunt Sarah," said Ned.

"It is old; older than the music, which was not, indeed, written for it. Did you ever hear of George Herbert?"

"He was a religious poet, was n't he?"

"Yes; he was a clergyman in England in the first half of the seventeenth century, and a very pure and holy gentleman. He was very fond of music, and sang his own verses; but I do not know that we have any of his music now. There is a little story about him as he was going to Salisbury, near his home, to join with some gentlemen in music, which I will read to you;" and Mrs. Bodley went to the shelves and took down Isaac Walton's "Life of George Herbert": —

"In another walk to Salisbury, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after, to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, — 'That if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast.' Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion: and when one of the company told him, — 'He had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment;' his answer was, — 'That the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight; and that the omission of it would have upbraided, and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound

to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practice what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or shewing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments.' "

Here the church bells rang for the last time, and everybody made ready to go. According to the custom of the house, they all passed out of the side door which led into the yard. Aunt Martha pulled a little peg from out of the latch and laid it upon a ledge near the key, which she took down from the nail, waiting till all her flock should be out-of-doors, before she locked the door behind them.

" Is that the same peg, Sister Martha, that was here when I was here last ? " asked Mrs. Bodley, with a smile.

" It is the same little wooden peg that has been here for twenty-five years."

" Martha never wastes even a peg," said the Judge, with a chuckle. "She took the hardest piece of wood she could find twenty-five years ago, and it has not yet worn out."

The church to which the children went with their aunt and uncle was a large, roomy one, with a pulpit at one end, like a great fort, behind which a venerable clergyman fired sentences at the people; but what interested them most of all was a sight which they saw in an adjoining seat, and they could not take their eyes off two people who sat there, a young man and a boy. Their aunt saw their interest; and when they were all at dinner, she asked Phippy, —

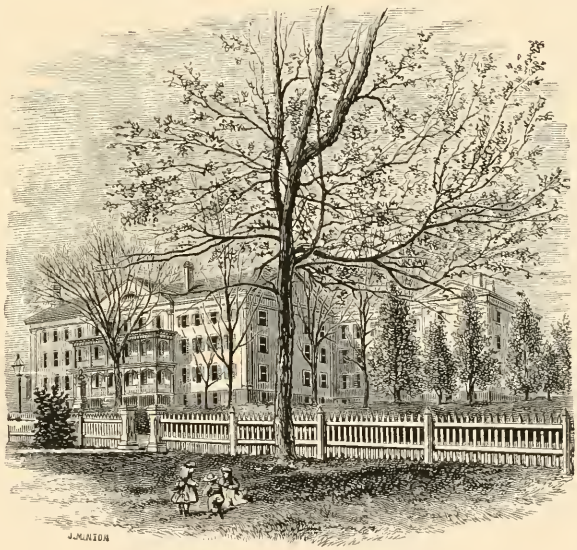
" Philippa, what do you think that young man was doing to the little boy next him ? "

"Oh, I know, Aunt Martha. He was talking to him in the deaf-mute language, by signs."

"He was reporting the sermon to him. As fast as the minister spoke, the young man, who is a teacher in the Asylum, spelled it out to the boy. What does this spell?" and Aunt Martha twisted her fingers rapidly before the little girl. Phippy laughed.

"I don't know, unless it spells Philippa."

"Quite right, child. I spelled your name. Why, you will soon learn the language. I must take you to the asylum, and let you see the children before you go."



Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

"I don't see how anybody found out this way of talking," said Ned.

"Yet you use it yourself," said the Judge. "When you see a friend the other side of the street, and want him to come to you, don't you hold up your forefinger and beckon with it? that's as much as to say, 'Please come here,' and when you hear an oration which you like, you strike the palms of your hands together, and that says, 'I like what I have just heard.'"

"Yes," added Lucy, eagerly, "and don't you remember how Hen found his way back when he was lost in St. Petersburg?"

"To be sure," said Ned; "but that is not spelling out words as Aunt Martha did just now. I could not make a sign to show that I wished to say 'Philippa.'"

"That is true; but I suppose the signs by the fingers to represent letters grew naturally out of the ordinary use of the hand when the lips were no more available, and when the ear could not hear what was said. It was in France that this talking by hand was first brought to perfection, and it was here in Har'ford that it was first used in America. It was only a little while ago that the gentleman died who was chiefly instrumental in founding the asylum. He had thought nothing about the matter, for no one supposed that anything could be done for people who were so unfortunate as to be deaf and dumb; but one of his friends here in Har'ford — Dr. Cogswell — had a little child, Alice, who was very fond of Gallaudet,[1] and used to play about his knee. She was deaf and dumb, and it moved this young man to pity to see her so. Her father, too, longed to help his daughter, and he knew that in France skillful physicians had found a way of teaching deaf mutes; and so at last to France went Gallaudet; and he not only learned the method there, but brought back with him a French deaf-mute who was a teacher, Laurent Clerc, and these two began the school which is now so flourishing. It is a blessed help to these unfortunate people."

The Judge told them many things about different pupils whom he had known, and after dinner he showed them some of the compositions which children in the school had written.

"You can imagine," said he, "how hard it must be to teach people to write correctly who never hear others talking; and you will

[1] Dr. Gallaudet died in 1851.

see by these compositions that they get in all the ideas sometimes, but not all the words nor all in the right order. Here is a letter written to Dr. Gallaudet by a little boy of ten years, who had been in the asylum not quite a year: —

"'MY KIND SIR:

"'I begin to meditate a letter to you. I shall come here back. I think of my father would be very sorry. You must often think of all the deaf and dumb. — Mr. W. begin to think he will go to New York. You must often very industrious, you will be very well. — We have no asylum, but the masons will not cause the asylum. The pupils are learning and meditating and composing and knowing and remembering and understanding and improving very fast. — Mr. C. is always praying to God that all the deaf and dumb and Mr. W. and Mr. G. will be very well. I wish to write a long letter to Mr. G. and T. G. Miss A. G. told me I shall write a long letter to your brother T. G., but I do not know him and I fear. It is pleasant, the grass grows a beautiful. God would give you your health.

"'I love very my friend T. G.

"'I am your affectionate friend.'"

"Poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Bodley; "how hard he must have worked to stammer out those troublesome sentences. I am glad he could at least see, and was not blind as well as deaf and dumb." Aunt Martha at this moment came into the room with a little book in her hand.

"Sarah," said she, "have you been bringing up your children on the New England Primer?"

"Oh, let me see it!" said Mrs. Bodley. "How familiar it looks! but it seems smaller than when we had it."

"That is the perspective of age," said the Judge, smiling. The book, indeed, was scarcely larger than a baby's hand, and bound in the soberest drab paper cover.

"See, Nathan, see, Phippy and Lucy, what I was brought up on when I was a child." The children clustered about her to look at

the little book. "It was not so much to me as it was to your grandmother, who had few other books. See how useful it is. It has all the letters of the alphabet, you see; not only the regular letters from a to &, which brings up the rear with a lively flourish of its little tail, but a list of the double letters, enough to make one's head ache as they stand in a row: —

ct, ff, fi, fl, ffi, ffl, ſh, ſi, ſk, ſſi, ſl, ſſ, ſt.

Mother learned to spell and read out of this little book, or one just like it. She had to spell all these columns, I suppose, before she read any."

"She could look at the pictures," said Nathan.

"Yes, there is a picture for every letter of the alphabet except &, and against each picture two short lines, which rhyme, are easy to learn, and impossible to forget. I suppose there are thousands upon thousands of grown people now in America who learned these lines when they were children, and could say them to-day without looking at the book."

"A was an archer and shot with a bow," said Lucy.

"A shot with a boy in your alphabet-book, Lucy, but he was a much more serious man in my childhood and in your grandmother's. Look at these pictures. J is not here because it is only I with another name; U and V, too, were called the same letter, and &, as I said, has no picture."

"It might have had one," said Ned. "I'll make a rhyme: —

"Andrew his net
For men did set."

"To be sure. I wonder they had not thought of that, and it

would have made a very good picture. These pictures are rather dim, but we can make out the figures by a little study. They are small, but the man who drew them meant to get in everything that helped to tell the story. The apples are on the tree. There 's no doubt what kind of tree it is."

"I should know Adam from Eve by his hat," said Nathan.

"Noah's ark is the only dry thing in the Deluge," said Ned.

"Yes," said Phippy, "and see in this picture of N, how Noah sees the ark in the midst of the black waters, and then is so pleased to see it on dry ground on the top of Ararat."

"I suppose those are his sons huddled together in the corner," said Lucy.

"Most of the rhymes tell stories which we children knew out of the Bible," said Mrs. Bodley, "and the pictures made the scenes very vivid. Look at that troop of Korah's, — one can almost hear them cry out as the ground gives way. Then how ashamed Job's friends

look; and what a narrow escape Lot had."

"And look at those dripping Israelites," said Ned. "How hard they are working to get up to Moses."

"I suppose that one is Obadias, who has no crown on his head," said Phippy. "Oh, look at young Timothy! No wonder he fled when Sin looked so frightful."

"And just see Zaccheus," said Lucy. "I 'm really afraid he will tumble out of that tree."

"The pictures are not very beautiful, certainly," said the Judge, "but, like the lines at their side, they are direct. The book is a little book, and when it was made there were very few books at all made expressly for children; so the makers tried to put as much as they could into this small compass. They did n't expect that children would get all their reading out of it, but they meant that when children were learning to spell and read, they should be taught something

about good living, and learn some of the things that were nearest their fathers' hearts. The Bible was the book that their fathers went to most of all, and so this primer is full of bits about the Bible as in these pictures, and also about religion and duty. Turn over, Sarah, and see the 'Alphabet of Lessons for Youth.' "

"Oh, I remember that. It begins with 'A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.' I used to puzzle myself with wondering if the father cared anything about the foolish son. I believe I could say the list right through now to Z. 'Zeal hath consumed me because thy enemies have forgotten the word of God.' And, oh, here is John Rogers," and she showed the children the picture, with the quaint legend beneath.

"How often I have counted that little flock, to see if the nine were all there."

"How pleased and smiling the soldiers look," said Ned, "the soldiers that are keeping guard over Mrs. Rogers and her children!"

"Yes, it looks amusing to us now," said the Judge, "but it was no joke to our ancestors. The first people who came to New England had grave fears lest the times of Queen Mary were coming again in England, and this was one of the ways they kept those earlier days in the memory of their children. John Winthrop might have heard his father tell of John Rogers as of a man who was burned at the stake when he himself was six years old."

MR. JOHN ROGERS, minister of the gospel in *London;* was the first martyr in Queen MARY's reign, and was burnt at *Smithfield*, *February* 14, 1554. His wife, with nine small children, and one at the breast, following him to the stake; with which sorrowful sight he was not in the least daunted, but with wonderful patience died courageously for the gospel of JESUS CHRIST.

In the evening, after supper, as they all sat together before the lamps were lighted, the Judge fell to talking about the Sunday which their great-grandfathers had known.

"Our New England ancestors," said he, "when they came here brought Old England names with them for their towns, and many old English customs. They honored their ministers, and more than once named their towns after those where their ministers had lived. Boston, you know, was named for old Boston in England, where John Cotton, their minister, was rector for many years: and Har'-ford is named from the English Hertford, where our first minister, Stone, came from. But what a difference there was! In old Boston, Cotton was rector of that magnificent church, St. Botolphs; in new Boston he preached within mud walls, and under a thatched roof. He had heard the bells ring in the stately tower of the old church. Here they did not at first bring bells for their churches; instead, a man stood on the doorstep and beat a drum. Drums they had, for the men were all, or nearly all, soldiers. They did not keep a great army, but every one had his musket, and sword, and spear, for protection against the hostile Indians or the wild beasts. Indeed, when Sunday came, and everybody went to church, you would have supposed there was to be a drill or a fight, for there stood the drummer on the step, and the men coming down the path were all, or nearly all, armed; besides, upon the square, fort-like buildings, in which they first held their meetings, men were stationed, on the lookout for enemies.

"It was only at the earliest that drums were used. Bells came as the colonies grew more prosperous, and meeting-houses, such as now stand, were larger and more substantial, but many of the customs remained much as at first, and have only given way by de-

grees. The pulpit was very high, as in our church, which you saw to-day, and it was often overhung by a huge sounding-board. Before the preacher stood an hour-glass filled with sand, for there was no clock in the house, and, when the minister began his sermon, he turned the glass and expected to preach till the last grain of sand had run through, and then sometimes he turned it again. The ruling elders sat just below the pulpit facing the congregation, and still further down the deacons in the same position. Then came the congregation, and you could very quickly tell who were the most important people by the place they had in church. I very well remember when it was the business of a committee to seat the people once a year according to their social rank, and a good many heart-burnings sprang out of it.

"The people did not sit in families, but the men sat on one side and the women on the other, while the boys had a place by themselves. The floor was often sanded, as our kitchen still is sometimes, and in winter the boys brought little footstoves for their mothers and sisters. It was n't thought right to have too comfortable churches. It was a pretty long service that they had. The pastor made a prayer which lasted a quarter of an hour, and then the teacher read and expounded a chapter in the Bible. Our fathers thought it savored of superstition to read a chapter without comment. Then one of the ruling elders dictated a psalm out of the Bay Psalm-book, which the people sang. They only had about ten tunes in all, and at first they used no musical instrument to help them. After the singing the pastor preached a sermon, the shortest being an hour long, and sometimes he added an exhortation to that, and then the teacher prayed and pronounced a blessing. They had another service just about as long in the afternoon, only the pastor and teacher changed places."

"Did n't they have any contribution?" asked Nathan, who was always allowed to put a penny which he had saved into the plate.

"Oh, yes, but not every Sunday. When there was a collection, the people got up by turns and placed their money in a box which the deacons kept; and sometimes, when they had no money they would bring goods and corn and the like, and place them on the floor."

"I should think they would have got dreadfully tired with so much preaching," said Lucy, with a sigh.

"It was pretty tough for them," said Ned. "Did you ever see a tithing-man, uncle?"

"No, I think he had gone out in my time."

"What was the tithing-man, Cousin Ned?" asked Phippy.

"The tithing-man? Oh, he was the parish officer, whose special business it was to see that the Sabbath was not broken, and who spent his time in church, looking after the boys to see that they behaved themselves. He had a long staff, which he carried much as a sheriff does now; sometimes he walked up and down before the children, and sometimes he stood behind them, and a boy whose head fell over from sleepiness would feel a crack on his crown presently from the staff of the tithing-man."

"Phippy pinches me when I fall asleep," said Nathan.

"Yes, you 'd have had a hard time of it, Nathan, in those days. I never did see a boy who went to sleep so easily in church."

"He goes to sleep on three chairs beforehand," said Phippy, "but it does n't seem to make much difference. But what a long Sunday it must have been!"

"When I was a boy," said the Judge, "Sunday began at sunset Saturday, and lasted till sunset Sunday. It 's so still in many

places now. But that was only one day out of seven, children, though you think it was a long one. You have a dim notion that little Puritans were all the while going to church, but remember what New England was at that time, and you will see a little of what young life must have been. There were no large cities or towns as now; there were no screaming railway trains or puffing steamboats. Boston, the largest town, had not so many inhabitants as many a western village may have in a year's time. There were no great colleges and fine public schools; no public halls, exhibitions, concerts, or plays. But then the country was far wilder and more exciting than it now is. New England boys spent their time in fields or in the deep woods, by the banks of the river and upon the shore of the roaring sea, or in boats tossing on the water. They learned the use of the bow and the gun, and they had plenty of game right at their doors. They hunted bears and deer, and trapped foxes. They shot wild turkeys, wild geese, and wild ducks. They did not have to wait for vacation, and then go off a great distance from home, but this was their daily occupation. Then, perhaps, as they walked through the forest, they came upon the red Indian, who was not making baskets and miniature canoes, but hunting as they were. If they lived by the sea or rivers, as nearly all did at first, they had their fishing, swimming, rowing, and sailing. This was all part of their work as well as their sport, and hard lives they led of it, too, for from early youth they worked with the elder men, laying out roads through the woods, digging wells and ditches, making walls and fences, keeping out wolves and wild cats. There were houses and barns to be built, ships and boats to be made, mills, fortifications, and churches. There were farms and orchards to lay out and cultivate; and when winter came

they went into the woods and cut down the forest trees, and when the snow was hard, they sledded the logs to the woodpile, the timber to the mill. They had not the various labor-saving machines, but every one had to work hard with plain tools; and as there were few stores, people raised or made nearly all that they themselves needed to use.

"The girls, too, had their work. Every home had its spinning-wheel and loom, and the women and young girls spun and wove all the clothing and household stuff. They had to take care of the houses; and they had their out-door life also, working on the farm and in the field. When the long winter evenings came they read by the fireside, and had their quilting bees and their husking frolics. There was plenty of wood in the forest, and the wood-piles were built high; so they stuffed the great logs into the big chimney and had roaring fires, which did not warm the houses as our furnaces do, but were vastly more cheerful, and more wholesome. There was not much schooling with books, and there were few who spent as much time in school as most children now spend in vacation.

"Now, all new countries require work, and New England boys and girls had to work hard; but it was not work only which made New England so well known and so great that hundreds of books have been written about her, and will continue to be written for generations to come. It was Sunday and work together that made her great. The boys and girls who heard the drum call them to church, and sat restlessly there under the eye of the tithing-man, did not always understand what was said, and many foolish things were said by the preachers; but the day which they kept so rigorously was always reminding them that there was something more to be done than to get rich fast, and spend their riches on themselves;

A PENNSYLVANIA HUSKING OF MODERN TIMES.

that they were to please God, and not themselves. They did not always go to work the right way to please Him, but they did not forget Him, and think only of their merchandise. The children, in meeting-house and at work, learned self-control; learned that it was manlier and better to labor than to be self-indulgent, and they were never allowed to think that they could do anything they chose. In my boyhood, I always took off my hat and bowed, when I met older people in the road; did n't you courtesy, wife?"

"To be sure; I was always taught to make my manners when I met my elders and my betters."

"It would be rather hard work for me to bow to everybody I met in the street now," said Nathan. "I might as well leave my hat at home."

"Yes, city life means a different state of things; but though we are not as formal in our manners as we used to be, we can be just as polite, and as really respectful; and though we don't treat Sunday exactly as our ancestors did, we can honor God on it as we think He wants us to. But you will think our Sunday longer than our ancestors', if I go on with my sermon. So, off to bed with you."

CHAPTER IX.

CHERRIES AND PLUMS.

The children began their sight-seeing on Monday, but they took their pleasure very easily. Indeed, much of their sight-seeing was very simple. The Judge had a horse and carryall, and they drove

into the country about, and they made little pilgrimages within the city. They went once with their aunt to the Asylum, and looked on with admiration as the good lady drew off her gloves, and herself talked with the little men and women, saying, they discovered, such simple things as "I hope you enjoyed your half holiday Saturday," and, "I was glad to see you at church, Henry," sentences which seemed much more important when said with the fingers. They went to the Wadsworth Athenæum, to see the pictures and the curiosities. There was a droll pair of andirons, which looked as if they had held many a lively dispute while the hickory was burning behind them; they saw the very box which had held the charter when it was brought to the assembly and was demanded by Andros and hidden by Wadsworth. It very likely held the charter when it was brought to this country, in 1662. Then there was a tavern sign from the old tavern which General Putnam kept, after his fighting days were over; General Wolfe, in a scarlet coat and black top-boots, with his hand on his hip, and his right hand pointing or beckoning to something in the distance. How often Putnam must have sat at his door, under the shadow of the old sign, and told of his own hair-breadth escapes and adventures in the French and Indian war.

The Disputatious Andirons.

They looked, too, at some Chinese books, greater curiosities then than they are now, and peeped within the folds of the leaves, to see if there was any printing inside. The librarian saw them looking curiously at the books, and spoke to them.

"Did you ever see a printing press?" he asked.

"Oh yes, sir," they all answered, and began to tell how their father had taken them to see a great printing-house once.

A Chinese Printer at Work

"You would not see just such printing in China," said he; "the process there is very different from that used in this country. The author prints his manuscript with pen very carefully, and then an exact fac-simile is made on very thin bamboo paper by the use of a

hair pencil and black ink. This page is pasted on a block of wood, with the written side down; and being moistened carefully, and the paper peeled off, there remains on the block an exact impression of the letters and punctuation. All the blank part is now cut away to the depth of an eighth of an inch, leaving the letters raised from the wood."

"It must be something like a wood-cut block," said Ned.

"It is very much like one; and it is now quite ready for the printer, who works simply with two brushes fastened to a stick which he holds in his right hand. He inks the block with one brush, and, laying the thin paper smoothly over the inked surface, he passes the other brush, a dry one, quickly and lightly over the paper, which thus takes the impression. If a press were used, as in our method, the thin paper would be torn, and the wood quickly bruised. As it is, the pressure of the dry brush frequently tears the paper. The ink commonly used is made of soot, and water in which rice has been boiled; that makes it glutinous, I suppose."

"We have rice water when we are sick," said Lucy.

"Yes, but with no soot in it," Phippy explained. "But how queer these pages look; I should think they were columns of words to spell."

"No wonder they look so to you, for the characters on the page are not placed in rows as in our books, reading from left to right, but in columns, read from top to bottom, beginning with the right-hand column; the last page is where our first is, and the title-page where our last is."

"I suppose it is n't as funny to them," said Nathan, philosophically, "as apothecary spelled backward is to us."

The few days they were in Hartford were so hot that the children

were glad to stay in the cool house much of the time, and amuse themselves with books and games. There was the excitement, too, Ned said, of seeing whether the apricots would ripen. Aunt Martha had a choice apricot tree overhanging the garden wall outside of the parlor window, and though the fruit was still green, perhaps because it was green, it had a wonderful attraction for the small boys of the neighborhood, who were constantly clambering up the wall and shaking the tree, or trying to jump up and catch the branches. But the vigilant Aunt Martha had no intention of seeing her tree stripped. She always seemed to know when a boy was near; up would go the window-sash, and she would stand, shaking her head earnestly and saying: —

"Little boys! little boys!" when they would jump down and scamper off, for she looked much sterner and severer than she really was. Sometimes they would linger about the tree, and Aunt Martha would harangue them from the window, and tell them that if they were good, and would come to her when the apricots were ripe, she would give them some. But they seemed to think green apricots must have some specially good taste and flavor about them. The children sighed a little for their cherries at home, for now they must be ripening. They had cherries here on the table, but there was a charm about climbing trees for cherries which they could not forget.

"I don't know," said Phippy one day, when she had been sitting still on the carpet for at least two minutes, "I don't know as I care for anything quite so much as for a good long branch with black harts hanging from it, time, eleven o'clock in the morning."

"Well," said her mother, "branches with cherries are said to have saved a city once. I do not quite know if the story is true,

but this is what Saintine says, who wrote the pretty story of 'Picciola' that I told you." The story was in French, but Mrs. Bodley read it aloud in English.

"In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

"One season, when his cherry trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

"Meanwhile the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savager, and the commanding general would listen to

no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women, and children, to the sword.

"But would it not be better thus to be killed outright, than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

The Children bearing Cherries.

"A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them into his

orchard, and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and, marshalling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

"The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some stratagem. Then he was told that they were children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

"But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked in him, broke forth; tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did, — they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts, filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed."

Phippy had no need to mourn her want of cherry branches very long, for on Thursday the party was to leave Hartford; the girls and their mother to go home, while Ned and Nathan kept on their way to New York. But Mrs. Bodley, not quite sure that it was best for Nathan to trudge all the rest of the way, and wishing to give Phippy and Lucy a little longer journey, proposed that they

should all take one of the river boats that ply on the Connecticut and go together as far as Saybrook, when she and the girls could take the railway home; and Ned and Nathan, turning their backs on them, should face about in the other direction, and take the high road along the Sound to New York.

"A capital idea!" said the Judge. "People do not enough travel by our great water-road. The Connecticut cannot boast of the splendor of the Hudson, but it is a lovely river, and there is a great variety of scenery between Har'ford and the Sound. The distance is only fifty miles, and it will be an easy day's sail to you. The river is not so high as it was a few weeks ago, but I don't believe you 'll get aground, — not more than once or twice, at least."

"I have a faint recollection of some one having made a journey the whole length of the Connecticut in early days," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Probably you are thinking of John Ledyard the traveller, Sarah."

"Oh, yes, that is it. I remember now, his life was written by President Sparks."

"Ledyard was a daring traveller, and he had the true spirit of adventure in him. He was a Connecticut boy, born at Groton, near New London, just about a hundred years ago, in 1751. You can celebrate the centennial by finishing his voyage on the Connecticut, for he only came down as far as Hartford."

"On a steamboat?" asked Lucy.

"No, my dear, there were no steamboats in those days. Ledyard came down in a dug-out, quite a different sort of a boat. He had been sent to study at Dartmouth College. The college was only two years old when Ledyard went to study there, and the

reason why his parents chose it for him was that they wanted him to be a missionary to the Indians, and the college was founded with special reference to Christianizing the Indians. Dr. Wheelock, the President, was an enthusiast in this labor. If there had been more men like him, we should n't have had all our troubles with the savages. Hanover was in the midst of the wilderness, and Ledyard drove to it all the way from Har'ford in a crazy sulky with an old horse; and what do you suppose was the reason, when he might have gone so much easier on horseback, as other people did before the roads were broken? Why, he had a passion for theatricals, and so he wanted to carry a lot of calico and stage properties for use in the backwoods among the Indian and white students. He actually did set up a stage there and act tragedies, and very funny they must have looked. I fancy his idea of a missionary was chiefly of a man who had all sorts of adventures in the wilderness. At any rate, four months after he began his college duties, he ran away and was gone more than three months among the Indians on the Canada border, — looking over his missionary field, it was guessed. He was a queer student. In the depth of winter he persuaded the other students to go out with him to the top of the nearest mountain and camp out all night, and the good Dr. Wheelock encouraged the freak because he thought it would help to toughen his young men and accustom them to the hardships of missionary life!

"At length it became evident to everybody that Ledyard had not the student part of a missionary in him, and his life at Dartmouth became irksome. He set about escaping from it in a queer way. With the help of his companions he cut down a great tree which grew near the bank of the river, for the Connecticut, you know,

flows past Hanover, and dug it out for a rude boat. I suppose they thought it one of Ledyard's odd freaks, and helped him out of good nature, so that finally the log was floating in the river and Ledyard was equipped for a voyage. It was the last of April when he started, and he had the advantage of the spring floods which had raised the river, but he knew nothing whatever of the navigation of it, and he had a hundred and forty miles to traverse before he should reach Har'ford. Probably it was the extraordinary difficulty of the task that made everybody incredulous; at any rate, with his dug-out stocked with provisions, and a bear skin for a covering, he committed himself to the stream, sometimes using his paddle, but generally floating along with the current. In the night he stopped for sleep, for he dared not slip along unconsciously over a river which had so many rapids and falls. Indeed, he came very near his end at one place, for as he came toward Bellows Falls he was reading one or the other of the two books he carried with him, — his Greek Testament and Ovid, — when suddenly he heard the roaring of the waters, and had just time to work his boat to the shore. He never could have gone over those boiling rapids alive. The people in the neighborhood helped him cart his boat round the falls and launch it again. I don't remember how many days he was on the excursion, but one morning some of the family of his uncle, Mr. Seymour, who lived here and was his guardian, saw a queer craft come down the river, and stop at the bank near Mr. Seymour's house. You can fancy their amazement at seeing Ledyard, who they thought was safe in Hanover, throw off his bear-skin and come up the bank to them."

"Did he go back, uncle?"

"No, he never went back. He was a restless fellow, and soon

began wilder wanderings. He took a voyage with Captain Cook, — Cook's last voyage, — and was near him when he was killed by the islanders. He set out on an extraordinary journey across Russia and Siberia to Behring Strait, where he expected to cross, follow down the western coast of America, and strike into the interior on his way home. He could not have had the remotest idea of the difficulty of his plan, but he had immense self-confidence, and if he had accomplished his journey, he would have shown himself perhaps the greatest explorer the world has seen. But he was stopped at Irkoutsk, it was said through the jealousy of the Russian Fur Company, and sent back to St. Petersburg. He went to Africa, finally, on an exploring tour, and died there."

It was a much milder exploration that the Bodley family attempted when they left Hartford Thursday morning for Saybrook. The Judge and Aunt Martha hospitably went with them to the boat, and saw them set out.

"This is better than Ledyard's dug-out," said the Judge; "but I can tell you, Nathan, that if you are going to make your way through the world as a useful man, you would do much better to build your own dug-out, and travel by that, than make too much use of other people's steamboats. Think of that, my lad, and so, good-by."

The little party waved their handkerchiefs to the Judge and his wife, and felt quite an exhilaration as they moved down the river. It was an uneventful passage, but they did not tire of looking at the lovely meadows and the bluffs and hills which succeeded.

"We are half-way between Ledyard and the Fairy," said Mrs. Bodley. "Don't you remember 'A Fairy's Sail,' Lucy?"

"Indeed, I do, mama. I was just thinking of it. Perhaps this is the river that leads to the wonderful sea."

"Do say it, Lucy," said Phippy; and so Lucy, who was as fond of learning and repeating verse as her sister and brother, said very prettily: —

A FAIRY'S SAIL.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

FAIRIES have told to me
So much of the wonderful sea,
Where our river bathes its feet,
That I long to hasten thither,

And see its great waves beat
Their foamy hands together.
Why not build a boat,
And set it afloat?

Here is a mushroom white as snow,
  With rounded top, and ribbed inside;
Launched on the dimpling stream below,
  Light enough it will ride.
This spear of grass shall be my mast,
  This leaf for a sail to the winds I'll cast;
This purple stem of the maiden hair
  I'll take for a paddle to steer me there.
Hasten! hasten! this very day
  I'll up with its sails and away.
Blow, soft breezes, blow, blow,
And make me lightly, lightly go.
The sunset comes, the sunset goes,
Gone are its hues of orange and rose,
  And still I sail, I sail;
The moon rose red, the moon sets pale,
And still I sail, and still I sail;
Rises the sun, and glows and glows,
Slower and slower my light bark goes;
The zephyrs faint, the zephyrs die,
Becalmed on the lingering stream I lie.
Alas! alas! the wonderful sea
Seems ever farther and farther from me.
I cannot paddle my boat so far,
  Nor fly so far with my delicate wings;
And I will not wait on this lonely bar
  Till a breeze o'er the water sings.
I wish that my merry little elf,
  My gay Redcap were here.
Once, I remember, he told me himself,
  If I wished and wished him near,
  In a moment he would appear.
Oh, I wish, I wish, I wish, I wish,
  Redcap would come to me!
He can fly like a bird, or swim like a fish, —
  O come, Redcap, to me!

Ah! here you are, your own gay self;
Welcome, my best, my merriest elf!
Look at my pretty boat,
It is almost light as a leaf afloat,
Yet cannot sail,
For the winds all fail.
Will you fly ahead and tow it along,
With this cable of gossamer twisted strong?
Then I 'll show you the way to the Wonderful Sea,
With its shores of golden sand;
Aha! I knew you would go with me,
If I sailed for the Far-off Land.

Merrily, merrily now I ride
Swifter than breeze, swifter than tide.
Whish! past the water-lilies I go;
They turn to see what ruffles them so.
The rushes sway, as the ripples run
Up their green stems every one.
Round the bends I whirl and swing,
Down the rapids I bounce and spring.
Well done, well done, my merry elf!
Now in the shadows rest yourself;
On a cool, green leaf of the lilies lie,
While deep in the whitest blossoms I
Will dive for a cup of perfumed dew;
Drink, and I will drink with you.

What can that gleam in the distance be?
The Wonderful Sea, the Wonderful Sea!
Oh, let us haste! I can fly, dear elf,
With the sea so near, like the wind itself;
Straight and swift, we cleave the air,
Like a flash of light; we shall soon be there.
The billowy tops of the forest seem
To rush behind us, a glistening stream;
Shines before us the Wonderful Sea,

Fair as the fairest dream can be.
Let us build a tent on the shore and stay
Many, and many, and many a day;
When the strong winds blow, and the waves roll high,
We will find a cave in the rocks close by,
And, safe in our shelter, will see how grand
The white waves burst on the glittering sand;
And when we go back, what tales will we
Tell of our stay by the Wonderful Sea!

"You may tell what tales you will, Fairy Lucy, when you go back to Roseland," said Ned; "but as for Nathan and me, we have farther explorations to make. Look!

"'What do I see that makes me bound?
Long Island Sound! Long Island Sound!'"

"You shall not spoil my pretty poem, Cousin Ned. The idea of your prosy walk to New York, and our steamboat excursion down the Connecticut, reminding you of a Fairy's Sail!"

"Nevertheless, here we are at the Saybrook Platform."

CHAPTER X.

HUNTING FOR YALE.

THE steamboat left them at Saybrook Point, and as there was some little time before Mrs. Bodley and the girls needed to take the ferry to Lyme, on their way home, they visited the cemetery, and saw the monument to Lady Fenwick, the widow of Colonel Fenwick, who, in 1636, came here to rule the plantation which had

been made by John Winthrop the younger, under the patent of Lord Say and Sele, Lord Brook, and others. The place had taken its name thus from a combination of the names of the patentees. The children were much pleased at finding footprints of their ancestors again, for they looked back with great respect upon the Winthrops, from whom they claimed descent on the mother's side. They visited the remains of the old fort on the steep hill near the river. Here the first settlers had held the river, and prevented the Dutch from going up to Hartford. They had fought Indians here also, and kept off Andros's fleet, in 1675.

"But where is Yale College?" asked Ned, looking about with inquiring eyes.

"Why, it 's at New Haven," said Nathan.

"Oh, so it is," said Ned, after a pause. "I have n't been here since 1716, and I remember there was talk then of moving it to New Haven."

"Where did the college stand?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"In a long one-story building, ma'am, near the fort. I don't see any signs of it now."

"That 's probably because your sight is weakened by old age," said Phippy, briskly. "Come, mama, we must get this tottering old gentleman away from the water's edge."

It was time for them to be on the way, for they must needs return to the village from the Point, that Mrs. Bodley and her party might take the train for Boston.

"Never mind," said Ned, "Nathan and I will look up Yale College before we get to New York."

"Write us if you find it, Ned; and if you see Mr. Yale, who must be nearly as old as you, tell him how sorry we were not to see him at Saybrook."

"Yes, Aunt Sarah, I will. When I knew the old gentleman he wore a big wig, and stood with his hand on his hip in a fine style."

"Oh, you 've seen his portrait, Cousin Ned."

Portrait of Governor Yale.

"Well, people's portraits sometimes look like them, and Governor Yale looks like a man who fed himself with gold spoons. He was

born in New Haven, but he was educated in England, and made his fortune in the East Indies, where he was governor of Madras."

"Oh, Ned, where do you pick up all these little bits of useful information?"

"I'll whisper it to you, Aunt Sarah," and he put his lips to her ears. "I regard myself as Nathan's private tutor, and I've crammed myself beforehand. But don't you tell. He must think it's all inspiration." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

"It's fortunate we are going to separate now," she said. "I might think it my duty to ask you some searching questions." The boys had donned their walking suits when they were on the boat, and now hung their pack-saddles from their shoulders.

"Good-by, mother; good-by, children," said Nathan, loftily. "Nathan Bodley is about to resume his journey round the world."

"Do turn back when you get to New York, my big brother," said Phippy. "You need n't expect to find us there, — need he, mother?"

"No, we must stay at Roseland, so as to get the boys home earlier;" and, after some affectionate hugs, the little party broke into two groups, and the boys marched off singing, "Jog on, jog on," with great liveliness.

"Now we must hunt for Yale College," said Ned. "We did n't find it at Saybrook where it began. Perhaps it walked off as far as Killingworth. I see a sign-board pointing in that direction. Let's ask that old gentleman, who is hoeing the other side of the fence;" and with a low bow Ned took off his hat and accosted the old man.

"Can you tell me, sir, if I shall find Yale College in Killingworth? We have just come from Saybrook, and it does n't seem to

be there." The old man leaned on his hoe and looked hard at Ned a moment, who began to blush a little.

"You 're behind the times, young man," he said; "but if you will go to Killingworth and ask for Rector Pierson, he 'll show you the college;" and then he went on with his hoeing.

"Thank you," said Ned; "I should like to see that man. He must be a magnetic sort of President to draw the college away from Saybrook and keep it near himself."

"A college is where a teacher is, young man."

"And young men, sir."

"The young men will go to the teacher. I 'm a Yale man myself, and in my day we learnt all we knew from President Dwight. Read books, young man, if you like, but whenever you get a chance to learn anything from an older man, go to him. He 'll teach you more than your books can."

"I'd like to get a few lessons from that old gentleman," said Ned, as the boys trudged along. "I believe in his doctrine." They meant to spend the night at Sachem's Head, in Guilford, as a cool spot, where there were no mosquitos, and they reached the place at supper-time. It was a fine moonlight night, and as they sat in the evening air, looking out upon the Sound and watching the ghostly-looking schooners sailing by, they heard a familiar voice behind them. It was the old gentleman whom they had left that afternoon.

"Well, boys," said he, "are you looking for Yale College at Guilford?"

"Why, was it ever here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, it was at East Guilford for a while, when it ran away from the small-pox. It was, part of it, at Wethersfield, too, up the river."

"Was that in your time?" asked Nathan.

"No, my lad. Yale College was pretty securely fixed at New Haven when I was there, and it is n't likely to run away again."

"But how did you get here?" asked Nathan, rather abruptly.

"Oh, I sometimes come down here on a hot summer's night. I used to live here, and it never seems quite as cool anywhere else."

"I almost wish we were on one of those sloops down there," said Nathan. "How ghostly they look in the moonlight. But I suppose they 'll be in New York to-morrow morning."

"They must look somewhat like the ship in the air that was seen off New Haven two hundred years or more ago," said the old gentleman. "Your friend, here, who has such aged recollection, remembers it, perhaps."

"Was it Lamberton's ship?" asked Ned.

"The very same. I see you have a good memory."

"Oh, I read about it once in Mather's Magnalia."

"Then, perhaps, you remember the letter of James Pierpont, the New Haven pastor, which Mather prints?"

"I am afraid I have forgotten that."

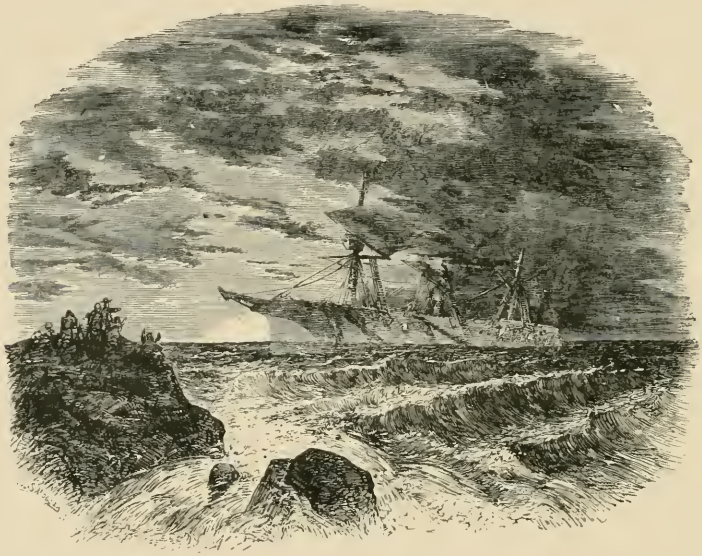
"I have not. It made a great impression on me once, and I committed it to memory. Listen, this is the letter: —

"'REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:

"'In compliance with your desires, I now give you the relation of that apparition of a ship in the air, which I have received from the most credible, judicious, and curious surviving observers of it.

"'In the year 1647, besides much other lading, a far more rich treasure of passengers (five or six of which were persons of chief note and worth in New-Haven), put themselves on board a new ship, built at Rhode Island, of about 150 tuns; but so walty, that the master (Lamberton) often said she would prove their grave. In the month of January, cutting their way through much ice, on which they were accompanied with the Reverend Mr. Dav-

enport, besides many other friends, with many fears as well as prayers and tears they set sail. Mr. Davenport in prayer with an observable emphasis used these words: *Lord, if it be thy pleasure to bury these our friends in the bottom of the sea, they are thine; save them!* The spring following, no tidings of these friends arrived with the ships from England; New-Haven's heart began to fail her; this put the godly people on much prayer, both public and private, that the Lord would (if it was His pleasure) let them hear what he had done with their dear friends, and prepare them with a suitable submission to His holy will. In June next ensuing a great thunder-storm arose out of the northwest; after which, the hemisphere



The Phantom Ship.

being serene, about an hour before sunset, a SHIP of like dimensions with the aforesaid, with her canvas and colors abroad, though the wind northerly, appeared in the air coming up from our harbor's mouth, which lies southward from the town, seemingly with her sails filled under a fresh gale, holding her course north, and continuing under observation, sailing against the wind for the space of half an hour.

"'Many were drawn to behold this great work of God; yea, the very children cried out *There's a brave ship!* At length, crowding up as far as there is usually water sufficient for such a vessel, and so near some of the spectators as that they imagined a man might hurl a stone on board her, her maintop seemed to be blown off, but left hanging in the shrouds;

then her mizzen top; then all her masting seemed blown away by the board; quickly after the hulk brought into a careen, she overset, and so vanished into a smoky cloud, which in some time dissipated, leaving, as everywhere else, a clear air. The admiring spectators could distinguish the several colors of each part, the principal rigging, and such proportions, as caused not only the generality of persons to say *This was the mould of their ship and thus was her tragic end;* but Mr. Davenport also in public declared to this effect, that God had condescended, for the quieting of their afflicted spirits, this extraordinary account of his sovereign disposal of those for whom so many fervent prayers were made continually. Thus I am, Sir, Your humble servant,

"'JAMES PIERPONT.'"

"Yes, I remember the letter," said Ned; "but the writer was not an eye-witness, and I always thought the people must have seen a thunder-cloud. I am sure I have seen one which looked very like a ship, and went to pieces as this is said to have broken up. But don't you think it would have been well for all those excellent people to have avoided a vessel which was so walty?"

"I think myself their friends could have prayed with more confidence for them if they had sent them off in a better vessel."

"What is walty?" asked Nathan.

"It is cranky, — liable to roll over."

"I think I feel a little walty, then. Let 's go to bed."

"That 's your nightly song, Nathan. You 're getting sleep out of this trip anyway. But we may as well go, for we have got to hunt for Yale College again to-morrow. Good-night, sir." The old gentleman walked back with them to the house.

"Never mind whether you find the college or not," said he, as he bade them good-night. "Keep your legs stirring, and your head will be clear."

It was vacation time at Yale, so the college green had a very deserted air when the boys reached New Haven Saturday morning. Ned, who had been here in term time, was obliged to sub-

stitute a description of college scenes for the actual sights. A few small boys were playing about the fence, which separates the green from the public street, and Ned had hard work to construct a characteristic college scene out of this raw material.

"Here," said he to Nathan, "you must take the fence and build upon it these small boys, imagining first that they are multiplied many times in number, that they are about ten years older than

The College Fence in Term Time.

these now appear to be, and are, many of them, armed with canes and cigars. Imagine them, I say, perched upon the upper rail of the fence, or leaning against it in an easy, unconstrained attitude, smoking, telling stories, knocking off each others' hats, singing in the twilight, chaffing each other and the passers by, and looking with faintly concealed admiration upon the courageous lady whose duty may require her to pass them. Halloa! what, Hollis! you here?" This exclamation was delivered at a lone student, who at this moment passed them as they stood before the college fence.

"Why, Adams! have you recovered your reason? have you come here to apply humbly for admission to Yale? And who's the kid?"

"Hollis, this is my cousin, Nathan Bodley. Nathan, you 've heard me speak of Tom Hollis, my old chum at Williams, who deserted us Freshman year, to come to Yale."

"Where are you staying?" asked Hollis.

"At the Tontine. We 're just on our way to dinner."

Tom Hollis's Room.

"Come up after dinner and see me. I 'm staying on for a week or so longer. I 'm at seventeen, South Middle."

"We 'll come," said Ned; and he added to Nathan, as they kept on their way, "You 'll like to see Tom's room. I was there last winter, and it 's crammed full of all sorts of nonsense. When you catch a student with a fancy for æsthetic gingerbread, he 's generally the most hopeless of collectors. Tom Hollis has the mania badly, and it 's like walking about in a ten-cent museum to visit him

in his room. Let 's see, to-day is Saturday. We 'll get him to go to East Rock with us this afternoon. We must push on for New York Monday, or we never shall get there. Now for dinner."

The boys were going up to their room before dinner, when the clerk handed Ned with his key a telegraphic dispatch.

"Why, what can it be!" said Nathan. "I hope no one is sick."

Ned tore open the envelope, and read the long strip with its regular faintly-printed letters.

"Boston, July 1. To Edward G. Adams, Tontine House, New Haven. You and Nathan may take the first train home after receipt of this. Nobody sick. Charles Bodley."

"What can it be!" they both exclaimed.

"When does the next train go?" asked Ned. "Nathan, we must pack up immediately. Do you be putting the things together, while I go down-stairs and find out when we can leave." Ned rushed off, and was back in a jiffy. "We've just time," said he, "to pack up, bolt a dinner, and take the train that gets into Boston at nine o'clock this evening. What do you suppose it can be?" The boys asked this question all the afternoon, and were so consumed with curiosity, that they entirely forgot that they were to go to Tom Hollis's room after dinner.

CHAPTER XI.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

It was about half after nine o'clock on Saturday night that Ned and Nathan, pack-saddles on back, returned from their interrupted

tramp, and walked up the avenue leading to the house at Roseland. Nep heard them coming, and ran out, barking, to meet them; the front-door was thrown open, the light streamed out, and they rushed up the step, where Mrs. Bodley stood to receive them.

"What is it, mother!" cried Nathan. "What in the world is it? we can't imagine;" but she looked so smiling, that the boys felt curiosity only, and not anxiety.

"Come in," she said. "I don't wonder you are excited. I told your father, Nathan, to telegraph the reason, but he thought he would let you guess."

"Well, what did you guess?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"Oh, everything but the right reason," said Ned. "We guessed we were all going off for a journey, for one thing."

"That was pretty near, Ned," said Mr. Bodley. "I won't tease you with making you guess. I am suddenly obliged to go abroad; and as I have to leave Boston Monday, I thought it best for Nathan to come home."

"Are you going to Europe, papa?" asked Nathan, in astonishment.

"Yes. I have some business that takes me there."

"And is mama going?"

"No. I am going alone. I am going to leave you at home to take care of mama."

"Well, I 'm glad you sent for me," said Nathan, after reflecting a moment. "I shall need to have instructions before you go. I suppose Martin and Hen will stay, and the children will be at home." Mrs. Bodley laughed.

"We shall stand in awe of you, Nathan," she said, "if you look so solemn when you take care of us. We hope your dear father

will not be gone very long, and that we shall hear from him very often."

"Well, if it was n't for you, mother, I 'd like to go with father."

"I wish you could, Nathan; and some day I mean you shall."

The girls were sound asleep when Ned and Nathan returned, but they were all up early the next morning, and Nathan was out before breakfast, paying a visit to the barn, and various friends there. He found Hen sitting in his shirt-sleeves by the barn-door, and wearing a new and very glossy hat.

"Glad to see you," said Hen. "So you've walked to New York and back, have you?"

"Well, not all the way," said Nathan; "and we did n't go to New York, you know, because father telegraphed for us."

"Want to know; and you came right back, as soon as you was sent for, did you?"

"Yes. We had just time to get our dinner at New Haven yesterday, and take the train home."

"That 's right," said Hen. "Honor your father and your mother, that your days may be long. And you did n't know why your pappa sent for you, did you?"

"Not till last night."

"Well, I like strict obedience, but I'm sorry you did n't get to New York."

"We should have got there the middle of this week," said Nathan.

"Just as well," said Hen, philosophically. "You've showed you could do it. You've got the grit, and I dessay that Cousin Ned of yours told you all you can remember, without going to New York. I'm going to New York myself, but I sha'n't walk. A sailor's legs were n't made for walking."

"Why, what makes you go, Hen?"

"I've been ashore long enough. I begin to feel my wings creak, and I reckon I'll make another voyage."

"That's too bad, Hen. I thought you'd be here all summer, and tell us stories."

"Oh, I'll come back some time with some fresh yarns."

The fact that Mr. Bodley was to leave home the next day seemed to make Sunday an unusually quiet day. Mrs. Bodley smiled a good deal, and the children could not know that she was bravely keeping back her tears. They all went to church together, and they sat together under the trees; and after supper, as twilight came on, Mr. Bodley was the centre of a little group upon the front door-step, that said not much, but seemed very willing to stay by him.

"I wonder if we shall go to Hyannis Port this year," said Phippy at last.

"Oh, yes," said her father. "Your mother will take you to your Uncle Elisha's for a fortnight, after I am gone. You can paddle in the Atlantic, and look across the water, to see if you can make me out."

"Don't you remember how grandfather used to take us out in a boat?" said Nathan.

"I can't remember," said Lucy.

"No," said he, "you were too little; but I can just remember grandfather, and his great cane, which he used to carry. Father, I wish you would tell us some stories about grandfather."

"Well, Nathan, I will do better than that. You know that after your grandfather retired from business he went back to Hyannis Port and lived in the old house, except during a few weeks in winter, when he lived with us. He used to amuse himself with his

books and papers; and just before his last sickness he wrote out his autobiography. Do you know what an autobiography is?"

"Yes, sir; it is an account of his life which one writes himself."

"Your grandfather wrote his autobiography, and gave it to me, and said: 'Charles, I have written my autobiography, and when Nathan is old enough, I want you to give it to him to read. He may keep it for himself, and give it to his children after him, if he wants to.' Now I think that a boy who has undertaken to walk from Boston to New York, as you have, is old enough to read his grandfather's autobiography, and I am going to give it to you." Mr. Bodley left the doorway, and presently came back with a morocco case in his hand. "Here it is, in this case. Do not read it now, but take it with you to the Cape. Then your mother will read it aloud to you all, and you can ask your Uncle Elisha about the parts you do not understand. I want you to remember your grandfather, Nathan, and learn all you can about him, for he was a good man. You cannot boast any very distinguished ancestors on your father's side, but you may be sure of this, that you never will meet any one who knew your grandfather who will not tell you that he was a good man, — one of the best men they ever knew. I should like my little boy to grow up as good as his grandfather, and I shall be very glad if besides being good he is wise and learned."

Nathan received the morocco case very seriously, and looked at the neat, small handwriting.

"Why, it's to me," said he. "It begins, 'My dear grandson Nathan.'"

"Yes, he wrote it as a letter to you."

"Well, I shall always keep it safe."

"Won't you write your autobiography for me, papa?" asked Lucy.

"Well, that is worth thinking of," said Mr. Bodley, laughing; "but I must wait till I'm an old man, and have time enough to remember what has happened in my life."

The next day Mr. Bodley bade his family good-by, but they could not see him off in the steamer, for he was to sail from New York. They drove him to the cars and watched the train glide out of the station, and then came home soberly, and in a day or two set out for the Cape. Hen went away on a voyage, and Martin and Nurse Young stayed at Roseland. Ned went with them to the Cape for a few days, and fished for scup, and took the children out in a boat, and went in swimming with them. The day before he went away, he was on the beach, lying lazily in the shade, when he discovered a daddy-long-legs strolling about near by.

"Come here, children," he called, "come here. I have found the very gentleman that I have long heard about. Sit down here and I will tell you a story in rhyme." And then he repeated the story of —

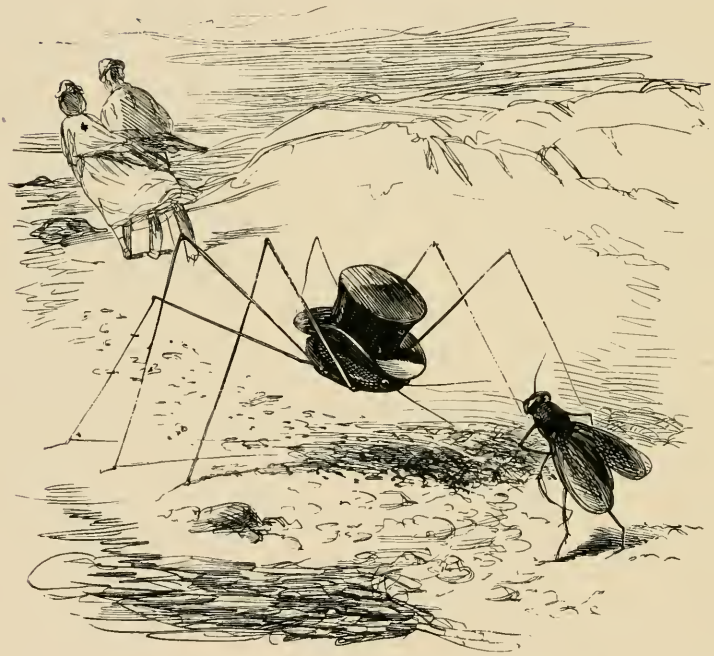
DADDY-LONG-LEGS AND THE FLY.

BY EDWARD LEAR.

Once, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,
  Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
  Upon a summer's day;
And there among the pebbles,
  When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
  All dressed in blue and gold.

And as it was too soon to dine,
They drank some periwinkle wine,
And played an hour or two or more
At battlecock and shuttledore.

Said Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
"Why do you never come to court?
I wish you 'd tell me why.



All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You 'd quite delight the court, —
Why do you never go at all?
Most certainly you *ought!*
And if you went, you 'd see such sights!
Such rugs! and jugs! and candle lights!
And, more than all, the King and Queen, —
One in red and one in green!"

"Oh, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It 's true that I don't go to court,
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
At once I 'd go to court!
But, oh, I can't, because my legs
Are so extremely short.
And I 'm afraid the King and Queen,
One in red and one in green,
Would say aloud, 'You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!'"

"O, Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"I wish you 'd sing one little song —
One Mumbian melody!
You used to sing so wondrous well
In former days gone by,
But now you never sing at all;
I wish you 'd tell me why.
For if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing 'Ah hum di hum!'"

Said Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs,
"I can never sing again!
And if you wish I 'll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song,
And this the dreadful reason is, —
My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair,
And if I stand, or lie, or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"

So Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
  And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea
  And gazed upon the sky.
They said, "This is a dreadful thing,
  The world is all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
  The other far too long!
One never more can go to court
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song
Because his legs have grown too long!"

Then Mr. Daddy-Long-Legs
  And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foaming sea,
  With one spongetaneous cry.
And there they found a little boat,
  Whose sails were pink and gray,

And off they sailed among the waves,
  Far and far away.
They sailed across the silent main,
And passed the great Grombolian plain;
And there they play for evermore
At battlecock and shuttledore.

That was Cousin Ned's last story. The next day he left the Bodleys, on a little trip to Provincetown, intending to return in a week. While he had been with them the children had been too busy for anything else, but now that he was gone, Mrs. Bodley proposed that they should read grandfather's letter to Nathan; so, every evening after tea, while Uncle Elisha also sat with them in the porch, the morocco case was brought out, and the Bodleys heard the story of their grandfather's life; and here is a part of it, set down for the friends of the Bodley Family.

CHAPTER XII.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY ABOUT HIMSELF.

My grandmother Gates lived in our family, and died when I was about ten or twelve years old. She was a staunch Presbyterian, and would not go to the Baptist church, which was much the nearest, but, unless the weather absolutely forbade it, went regularly to the Congregational church, five miles distant. For many years I was her faithful attendant. She had her prejudices, and would not ride in any carriage, but always on horseback; the sight would look strange enough now to see me, a little chap of eight years, on

horseback, with grandmother on the pillion behind, but this was the universal mode of her conveyance; she had been used to it all her life, and I presume that no Rosinante could dismount her by any antics he might perform. She lived to be about seventy-five years of age, and occupied what is now the parlor at Hyannis. She was somewhat of a scold, and we children were all afraid of her. She had a mysterious chest, in which were kept a great variety of ancient relics, and we were always trying to get a peep into it; she had a quantity of old Continental money which had become nearly worthless, and she used to rave about it a good deal. I think she was something of a Tory in her principles.

The first recollection I have of myself as being a piece of humanity having an identity, was after this sort. Mother, when there was a good clear north wind, would put her beds in the front yard to air. (This was at the old house, the site of which is now at the very edge of the shore.) I, with some other child, amused ourselves with jumping out of the window upon the feather-beds in the yard, which, when mother noticed, she came and whipped me soundly. I remember how she did it, and from this circumstance I distinctly recollect that I wore petticoats. I could not at that time have been over three years old. I recollect, also, the first time I was put into jacket and trousers. I was being dressed for meeting, and mother brought out a new suit of jacket and trousers, made of striped pink and white gingham, and so stiff with starch that I hear the noise I made in walking with my mind's ear to this day.

My first recollection of going to school is that I went to a Miss Crocker. She was an old woman, and wore upon her nose a pair of Dutch spectacles, which were merely eyes without bows like the present eye-glass that dandies wear. She had much difficulty in

keeping them on; they would fall off, which vexed her and made her awfully cross. Her method of teaching was as ancient as her own person. "S-h-o-u-l-d; what does that spell? should." She might be called a literal teacher. The schools in my early days were poor, and there was very little of them. I don't think I ever went to school in the summer-time until I was eleven or twelve years old. We used to have six weeks school in the winter, and that was about all; but when I was about ten years old, father waked up to a sense of their importance, and sent me for six months to the north side of the town to Mr. John Clark's school; he was considered a wonderful man for his learning, and actually had a class in the school that learned Latin. I boarded at a Mr. David Lewis's, but I did not improve much; the older scholars took up his time, and I was neglected, for he had his favorites. Afterward this same Mr. Clark quarreled with the people on the north side, and father and some other public-spirited men hired him to open a school in the eastern neighborhood, about two miles from our house, and I went pretty steadily to his school until I left home in 1804, and I am indebted to him for about all the education I have. I became a favorite with him, and I was considered his model scholar. He never punished me but once, while most of the boys and some of the girls he used to whip unmercifully. We used to spell from Perry's Dictionary, a book about four or five inches square. My seat was quite across the room from where he stood, and we were spelling. The word mantua-maker came to me in turn, and by some means I could not, after several attempts, spell it, and he threw the dictionary across the room with great force at my head, and sent me off to learn my lesson. This was very humiliating to me, considering the high position I held in the

school. He often talked to me about learning Latin and going to college, and one day he made a visit to father on purpose to persuade him to send me; and father was willing if I wanted to go; but somehow I had imbibed a great horror of going to college, and absolutely declined; my mind was in another direction. All the young men of my age talked of nothing else than going to sea, and I had a sea fever which lasted two or three years; besides, at that time I was desperately in love. Among the girl scholars were two daughters of Captain Ben Hallock, about my age. They were bright girls, among the best scholars in the school, and we used to speak dialogues together. This was a popular mode of instruction in those days, and we used to go out together into the woods near by, and recite our parts to each other. Those were happy days; they were beautiful girls, and grew up to be beautiful women; but Persis I thought an angel, and I lived for some time in love; but they left, and my passion died out.

I have not yet told you much about my father. He was a very large man, nearly or quite six feet in height, and very fleshy, weighing, I think, two hundred and eighty or two hundred and ninety pounds. You may have had pointed out to you the chair he had made to sit in, a roundabout which has been for many years in the store. He was a man beloved and respected, and quite popular among the people. He always kept a small store of goods, but his time was mostly occupied as a justice of the peace, in various town offices, arbitrations, and settling of fish voyages, which was quite an occupation in the fall of the year, when the voyages of the fishing vessels were made up between the owners and the men. Very few of the owners of vessels within ten or twelve miles could satisfy the men that the voyages were properly settled, unless

the Squire did it. I remember one night father came home quite late, and asked mother if she had anything to eat.

"Why, did n't you get dinner and supper?"

"Yes, and what do you think they gave me for dinner? fish and turnips. And what for supper? fish and turnips."

Father was a very nervous man. When anything excited him he could not sit still, but would rise and walk and whistle and take out his tobacco-box every minute or two. I have known him in an excited conversation or justice case before him get so interested or excited that he would keep his tobacco-box in constant motion. He used tobacco, but in homœopathic quantities; he used to take a piece about the size of a pin's head, which he was incessantly renewing, especially when his mind was occupied. He was very fond of his children, and liked nothing better than to have three or four on his back and knees, and pulling his hair. I don't remember that he ever punished me but once, and then I deserved it. I was sent to what is called the Point to drive home the oxen to be used in carting. I took the notion that it was very amusing to see them up to their backs in water on the sea-shore, so I drove them in and kept them there for a mile along the shore, and when they arrived at home the poor creatures were so exhausted they were not fit to be put into the cart. Father, having seen it all from the house, after putting a few questions which I could not answer satisfactorily, told me to take off my jacket, and gave me a sound whipping. I have no doubt it did me good.

Among the pleasant times I used to have when young was to go to grandfather's to stay all night, and sleep in the same room with John Cape, and hear him tell stories till I fell asleep. John was not a slave, but a bound negro, and owed service till he was twenty-one,

on condition of being taken care of. John was older than I, but had winning ways, and did me many kind offices, which I remember to this day. He learned me to skate, and we owned a pair of skates together, and if we could not agree who should use them, we would each take one and skate on one leg; many a time have I spent a happy evening on Aunt Debby's pond, skating on one leg. . . . .

I said I had the sea fever, but father did not want me to go to sea, but said he would get me a place in a store in Boston. In the spring of 1804, it happened that Captain Gates, the father of your great aunt, was in Boston, master of a brig, and, knowing my wishes, wrote from Boston that if I could be there at a certain time, he would take me as cabin-boy, and take good care of me. This settled the question, and I was speedily got ready, with all a sailor's necessary rigging out of pea-jackets, flannel shirts, etc.; and at the appointed time I bade farewell to all the family (I can see sister Abigail's tears now), and started for the north side, from where I was to go in the packet to Boston. On arriving in sight of the harbor, the packet was seen going out, and I was too late, and had to retrace my way home. I could go in no other way, as the stage only went twice a week, and I could not reach Boston in season by that conveyance. "Now," said both father and mother, "God has shown us that you are not to be a sailor," and was it not so? But for this being too late, I should no doubt have led a sailor's life, and the whole course of my life would have been entirely different from what it has been. Thus God shapes our future by His interposition, and I have never ceased to bless His name for thus thinking upon me. Soon after this father had a letter from Freeman, Baty & Cushing, dry goods dealers, saying if he would send me immediately, they would take me into their store as an apprentice, and that

I should live in the family of Mr. Freeman. It was at once decided that I should go; my sea clothes were exchanged for other habiliments, and I was soon prepared to take my departure. I bade good-by to neighbors, and, among the rest, to my dear old grandmother. I was to leave in the morning. Early in the morning a message came from grandmother that she wanted to see me before I went. I obeyed the summons, and she said to me: —

"Charles, you are going among strangers, and you will meet with many temptations, and I thought I wanted to give you one more word of caution. Now, Charles, you are to be at Mr. Freeman's, and it may be you will be walking across the room, and you will discover on the floor a pin. Whose pin will that be, yours or Mrs. Freeman's? it is not yours, but hers. Never, Charles, take so much as a pin, that is not your own, from anybody. This is all I have to say;" and this was her method of enforcing the principle of honesty. I may say that with me it has not been wholly lost. I never was tempted to appropriate to my own use what was not mine, without being reminded of this admonition. Dear old grandmother, were it for nothing more than this, I would revere your memory; and my prayer is that I may be permitted in heaven to tell her how grateful I am.

A new leaf in my history opens now, for I leave my native Cape, and begin my life as an apprentice in a dry goods and hardware store, for such it proved to be, in Boston, before the age of fifteen; for I was born June 5, 1789, and entered upon my duties March 9, 1804. . . . .

The store I went into was situated at the corner of Elm Street and Dock Square, and I found, on taking my place, the partners and usual apprentices. Mr. Cushing was the active partner of the

firm. Mr. Freeman was a stiff-necked man. He could only turn his head by turning his body, or bow only by bending his back. Mr. Baty always spoke in a whisper. I was installed as a part of Mr. Freeman's family at his house, standing at the corner of Derne and Hancock streets, where is now the north-east corner of the Reservoir. Beacon Hill was in the rear, very steep in its ascent, on the top of which was erected a monument, to commemorate the Revolution, which was removed, and the hill leveled, many years ago: the slabs of the monument, I believe, are now deposited in the State House. Between Mr. Freeman's house and what is now Pemberton Square, then Gardiner Greene's orchard and garden, there was not a house; it was pasture ground; and the way to the store was down Hancock Street, through Cambridge Street, or across lots down to Howard Street. Mrs. Freeman was a very exacting woman. Her given name was Experience, and her sister's, Deliverance. Mrs. Freeman had five children, and I had good frolics with them; but I would come home tired from the store, and Mrs. Freeman would say: "Now, Charles, take care of little Benjamin;" so for hours I would tend baby; and if I did not do that, I was certain to be sent to the mantua-maker's, or on some other errand; but, with all her exactness, Mrs. Freeman was a very pleasing woman, and had the faculty of making me feel that it was a great pleasure to do all she asked of me. . . . .

About a year after this Mrs. Freeman died, and Mr. Freeman had to look out for a housekeeper. The choice fell on Miss Fanny Gibson. She was a buxom young woman of perhaps thirty-five, a great talker, but made bad work with the children. She had an admirer, a portrait painter, who wanted to paint my face. I let him do it, and you may see how he painted loose nankeen pants any

time you are at Hyannis. One night I was reading to Fanny from the newspaper, and came to the death of a lady in Andover, whom she had mentioned to me as one she knew.

"Stop!" she said. "Read that again. Is she dead? I'll marry the widower in one month." And she did. This put an end to her housekeeping for Mr. Freeman. The next person employed was Miss Bathsheba Whitman, or, as we always called her, Miss Basha. She was a woman of intellectual calibre and good education, far before any with whom I had ever been acquainted, and I look upon the three years or more of my intercourse with her as a time of great improvement to myself. She was so instructive and agreeable in her conversation that my evenings were pleasanter to me at home than anywhere else, and she instituted a course of reading of the right sort, which I have always considered as being very serviceable to me, for I had naturally very little taste for reading; but the course she took created one for me, and saved me in that way, it may be, from utter ruin, so that I remember her with gratitude. . . . .

The time was drawing near when I should become of age, and my mind was much exercised as to what I should do. I had run my father in debt several hundred dollars beyond what he allowed me during the two years past, and this sum my father would have to pay, which I knew with his large family he could ill afford to do. I made some inquiry about employment at a neighboring store, where I was known, and soon afterwards Mr. Cushing said to me: "Have you any plans for the future?" I told him I had none in particular, but had recently made some inquiry. He then said to me: "You have had charge of the hardware part of our business; how would you like to take the full care of it, and make it a

separate business?" Of course I thought it a good chance, for I had become quite partial to this part of the business; so terms were agreed upon, and, instead of waiting until I was free, the plan was immediately put into execution, the hardware department given to me, Freeman, Baty & Cushing agreeing to furnish the capital that might be required, and I to receive a portion of the profits; and more than this, they said I had been a faithful apprentice, and they would cancel the charge against my father, which, if I remember right, was nearly four hundred dollars.

On the 9th of September, 1809, when I was only twenty years and four months old, I opened a hardware store and had my sign over the door; the business was done in my name, my late employers being my partners; and in the same business I have continued ever since, until the present time, when, as you know, I have retired from active trade. This was of course a time of great excitement with me, and I can remember with perfect distinctness the first entry I made on the day-book on the day I opened store: —

HOMES & HOMER, DR.

1 doz. black shackle padlocks, at 10s. . . . . $1.67.

But if I should continue in this way to relate all that befell me in my early days I should make a volume, instead of writing a letter; and I must pass over many things that crowd upon my mind, and come to those things that will interest you more immediately, and answer the inquiry, how I came to be your grandfather rather than another man. Among my earliest acquaintances and most intimate friends was Marshall Sayles, son of Hon. Richard Sayles, of Chatham. He was a lively fellow, full of frolic and full of fun. I used to talk to him about spending money so freely, and he

would laugh it off. His father was frequently in Boston, and, being a particular friend of my father, was often in my store, and wanted me (I suppose I was considered by him a pretty steady fellow) to use my influence with Marshall to keep him straight. One day Marshall came to me and said: "My sister Hope is in town, and there is not another of my associates I would introduce to her but you. Will you go to grandmother Dallas's with me this evening to see her? Mrs. Dallas was an old lady living in a house on Tremont Street, where now stands St. Paul's Church, with a large garden where Temple Place now is. I went, and there I first saw Hope Sayles. She was about my age, a twin sister of Marshall's, good looking, with a vein of humor running through her conversation (which accounts for that trait in your father) that was quite captivating to me, and as I went home I said to myself (I was not then twenty), who knows but she may be my wife some time? She left and went to Hamilton, where her sister lived, the wife of Rev. Mr. Jenks. One Saturday night Marshall came to me and said: "Go with me to Hamilton to-morrow; my cousin will lend me his horse and gig, and we can hire another for a leader, and drive down early and astonish the natives with our tandem team." It was twenty-one miles. We started pretty early, and arrived just as the people were going to meeting. We put up our horses at the parsonage, and started for meeting, getting into the house just after the sermon was begun, of course scandalizing the good parson and his wife. Here I met Hope again. We went to meeting in the afternoon, the intermission being short; the sermon was but just begun when the cry of fire was heard, and lo! the dwelling-house next to the church was on fire. The congregation all rushed out, and both Marshall and myself worked like troopers, assisting to

quench the flames. There was no more sermon that day, but we comforted ourselves with the thought that we had retrieved our characters somewhat by our activity at the fire. . . . .

In 1812, soon after the war with England began, I went to board with Miss Fessenden, according to a promise I had made to her. Cousin Nabby, as we called her, opened a boarding-house in Tremont Street, on the site now occupied by the Savings Bank, next to the Chapel Burying-ground. Here I spent my time as a boarder from 1812 to 1817, when I was married. At the beginning of the war with England, I became one of the original members that formed the New England Guards, a company of young men, numbering, during the continuance of the war, upwards of a hundred of the first young men of the city. We had many good times, and, as business was in a great measure suspended, we used to take a good portion of time in drilling, and learning the art of war. I was several times in active service: once on Governor's Island, once at the Navy Yard, and once at Faneuil Hall; but, notwithstanding my acknowledged bravery and faithfulness, my services are yet unrequited by an ungrateful country, while some of my comrades, whose services were no more important than my own, as I conceive, have been rewarded by a farm. Perhaps posterity may review my valuable services, and my children or grandchildren may yet be benefited by my heroism. I entered the company as a private, and it may be a gratification to you to know that, so highly was I appreciated by my fellow soldiers, before I left the company I was elected sixth corporal; and on the last occasion that I ever paraded, I acted as sergeant. It was shortly after peace was declared, on the occasion of receiving a Dutch Ambassador, who landed at the end of Long Wharf. It was February, and the streets full of ice and

snow,—rather a melting day. As sergeant, I was at the right of the file, and marching to music was no easy matter. I slipped and fell, and the whole file of men after me, like a pile of bricks standing on their ends, and we all rolled over together in the mud and water, and our white pants were not a little soiled, and the Irish boys hooted and hurra'd, and, altogether, we made a ridiculous figure; this last exhibition was the end of my military life. I sent in my resignation the next day, and have never shouldered a musket since. You must not think, by this action, I had abandoned my country. Peace had been declared, and there was no further need of my services, and in resigning made this mental reservation, that if ever I was needed to defend my country's rights, I would stand in my lot to the last. I hold to that declaration to-day.

Business, in these years of war, was not good. We were dependent then on England for our hardware, there being no manufactures of consequence in this country; but I was young and enterprising, and, considering the times, had built up a business equal to almost any in the city in my line. A Mr. Stowell, of Worcester, a clock maker, invented a machine for making wood screws, which I bought, and put into operation in the State Prison at Charlestown. This brought me into notice all over the country, and orders came in from all quarters at such a rate that I could not begin to fill them. It was profitable, and if the war had continued I should no doubt have made a fortune by it; but I laid out all I made in making new machines, which, as soon as peace came, and screws could be imported from England, were worthless, so that in the end I rather lost than made money.

One pleasant Saturday, in the summer of 1814, I took a horse and chaise and drove to Hamilton to spend the Sabbath, Hope Sayles

being then on a visit to her sister. There, in the twilight, I told my love to her who became your father's mother. It was not in vain. I had the happiness to know that it was reciprocated. Soon afterward Hope had a fit of sickness, which resulted in the almost total loss of her eyesight, so that for two years following she was confined to a dark room, not being able to bear the least ray of light without exquisite pain, and her general health suffering in consequence of it. I wrote her often, and visited her as often as I could; and while she insisted that I should not be held to our engagement, I would not listen to any such suggestion. We waited patiently the issue, and after three years, she having almost wholly recovered, I was married in July, 1817. . . . .

It is not my purpose to continue my narrative any further. I hope the perusal of these pages, that I have written off in haste, and without premeditation, will afford you some pleasure. Every man's life has some instruction in it, and I think you may gather from my brief recital some hints that may be of value to you. You may see upon what little, and, in themselves, what trifling occurrences our future destiny may be shaped. If I had not been too late for the packet, I might have been a roving sailor, and have early found an ocean grave. If I had not resisted temptation, and spent my youthful evenings with Miss Basha, I might have made shipwreck of character. . . . . And now, my dear Nathan, God bless you, and make you a blessing to your dear parents, and to the world. Your affectionate grandfather,

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